THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JUNE, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Microbes and Men

A striking chapter in Dr. Robert T. Morris's *To-morrow's Topics* is that which attempts to give a scientific basis for literary criticism. Taine did it in a measure many years ago, but Dr. Morris goes farther, endeavouring to reduce the questions to the relation of microbes to authorship. "Reading the list of great minds which have strongly influenced art or literature," he says, "is reading a list of ill men whose physiology was abnormal. The history of their lives reads like a hospital report. The same is true of the creative geniuses in science, but not to the extent found in literature and art. We have all read the lives of great authors and artists with intense interest, without being impressed by the question of their illness. We put that question aside with a feeling of pity or sympathy as a transitory feeling, instead of one which should engage our attention at the very outset as closely as the thread of a screw runs to its seat. The style of Carlyle can be traced along the different phases of his toxic influence. He began to suffer from dyspepsia at the age of twenty-three. Later his correspondence is filled with references to suffering from eye trouble and stomach and bowel disturbances. His *Sartor Resartus* was written before he became deeply poisoned and his *French Revolution* indicates the degree of irritative stimulation of his genius. *Sartor Resartus* was in charge of his fundamental genius, but the *French Revolution* was in charge of his toxic disturbance influencing that genius. His pessimism of later years was typical of the scorpion's sting of colonic bacteria." Dr. Morris thinks that some day it will be possible to vaccinate against the colon bacillus. Then we shall eliminate some of our pessimism, and this will be a more joyous world.

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Dr. Morris recalls Oliver Wendell Holmes's saying that the best work in the world is done by men who are not quite well. "He perceived a truth, but did not recognise more than a joke in it. He did not give us a description of what he meant by 'best.' Bulwer Lytton's morbid irritability and melancholy were undoubtedly due to microbic sensitisation of protoplasm, and we instantly think in this class of Gibbon, Landor, Sidney Smith and Fielding in literature. Their thoughts were given scope and direction primarily by genius, but then were compelled to various activities and expressions by toxins of their bacteria. It was in the very last years of Heine's suffering that his morbidly sensitised protoplasm responded by giving us the vibrations of his genius through a remarkable range of sensitisations. Stevenson wrote the *Child's Garden of Verses* when he was almost physically disabled by toxins of tuberculosis, but when at Vailima, and in

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much better health, he himself noticed the absence of toxic stimulation under which he had himself worked. Stevenson could have more easily written *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* because of warfare between his colon bacilli and his tubercle bacilli, but the real literature which endures through the centuries is, after all, that of the calm reasoning of an Aristotle. Shelley and Keats both suffered from tuberculosis, and undoubtedly represented the addition of bowel bacteria. The tremendous amount of work completed by Shelley when he went to Italy for his health in 1818 indicates the influence of this 'nitrate of soda upon his roots.' The best known works of Hood were written when he was in the last stages of tuberculosis. De Quincey with his tuberculosis alone might have written still better than with the added influence of opium."

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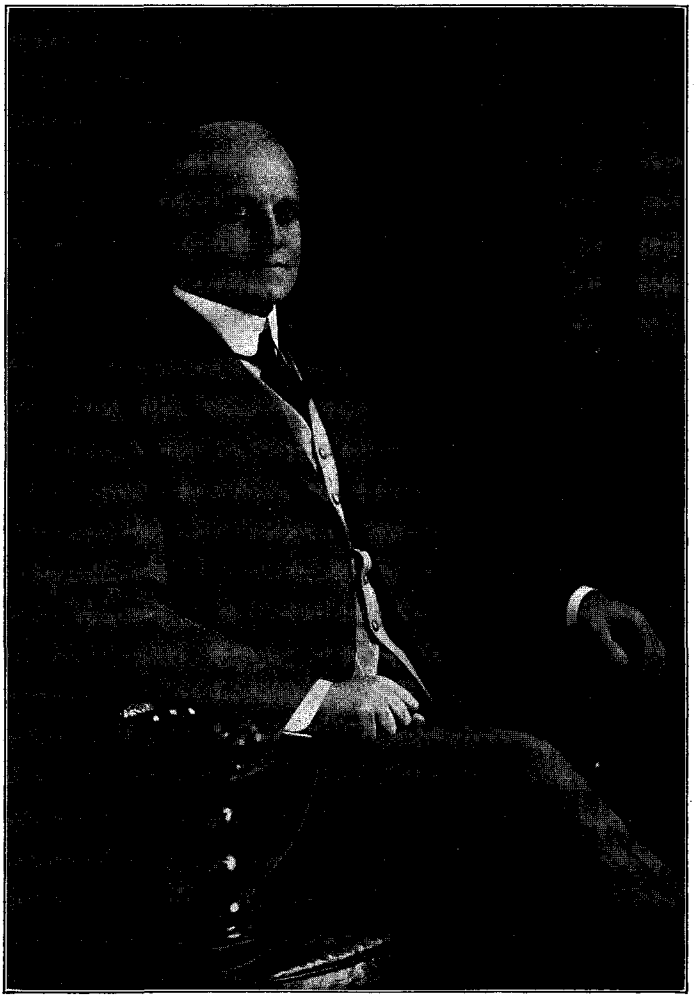
"Microbe toxins," Dr. Morris holds, "give us a sort of literary solvent, allow-



DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS

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TEMPLE BAILEY, THE AUTHOR OF "CONTRARY MARY"

ing us in the library to reduce many mysteries to simple formulæ for analysis—from the literature of ecstatic passion to that of more orderly emotions, and to the literature of calm science. In scientific criticism of genius in literature we have to make note of some such order as this:

1. A mind allergic to the tubercle bacillus. (Stevenson with his spirited optimism.)

2. A mind allergic to the colon bacillus. (Nietzsche with cry baby philosophy.)

3. A mind belonging to a definite psychosis,—hysteria. (Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with grace and sweetness in morbid exaggeration of feminine characteristics.)

4. A mind with a definite psychosis,—cyclothemia. (De Musset, with fine inspiration in the euphoric stage. He did not write much when in the depressive stage because dipsomania supervened.)

5. A mind with another definite psychosis, — manic depressive. (Strindberg, with beauty in his collection of *Fairy Tales,* belonging to the euphoric stage; distress in his "Inferno," of the depressive stage.)

6. A mind that we might classify at present as belonging to the internal secretion of aberrant gland development. (Octave Mirbeau represents the latter.)

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Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology.* The "Spoon River" verses which make up the volume originally appeared in the columns of the St. Louis *Mirror,* and to the editor of that paper, William Marion Reedy, we are indebted for the following facts about the author. Mr. Masters was born in Kansas and grew up in that region of Illinois which may be described as "the Lincoln country." His father, who is still living, was a law partner of Herndon, who has been a partner of Lincoln and his inspiration. The Spoon River country is a composite of several small communities around and about Havana, Illinois. Havana is a

PATRICK MC GILL, THE AUTHOR OF THE MUCH DISCUSSED "CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END," AND THE LATER "THE RAT PIT," IN THE UNIFORM OF THE LONDON IRISH REGIMENT.

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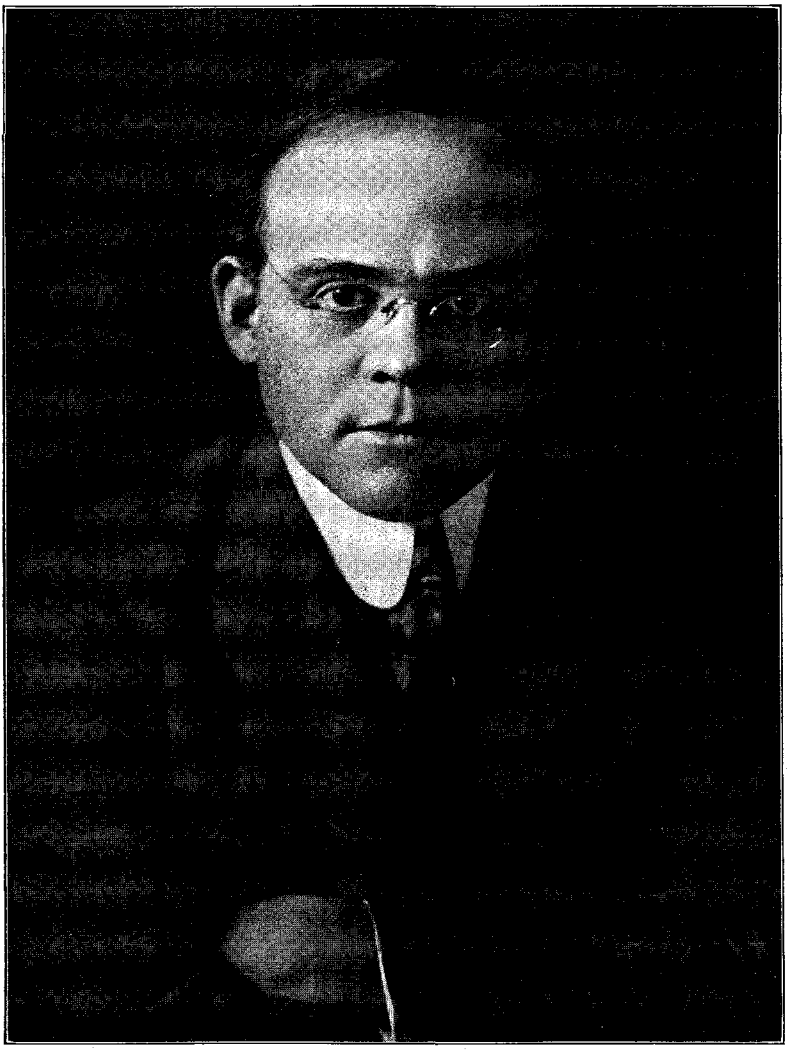
small town populated by the memories of Mr. Masters's youth. In the early seventies the Civil War was a living memory, still influencing strongly family life and associations. In Havana every one knew every one else, and almost every one was related by blood or marriage to every one else. In a word, it was a typical town of the Middle West of that period, and as he saw it Mr. Masters has chronicled it in *Spoon River Anthology*.

"Why he called his work *Spoon River Anthology*," writes Mr. Reedy, "he has not told me. Probably he had in mind the Greek Anthology—a collection of epigrams, in the original sense, mostly epitaphs, gathered from books and monumental inscriptions lingering from the antique world. Anthology means a garland of words—a garland, in common acceptation of meaning, laid upon a tomb. Such was the garland of Meleager—a collection of verses fair and



EDGAR LEE MASTERS

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sweet from poets long forgot. Mr. Masters would write the life of Spoon River in the epitaphs of the people who lived that life, as they themselves would write them, truly. Imaginative epitaphs is no new thing. Almost all poets have indulged in it; but only in isolated essays at characterisation, mostly satirical. Mr. Masters makes great literature of his comprehensively various epitaphy by virtue of the impersonalities of the work in which he makes so many other personalities live. He raises people from the dead by a real necromancy of understanding the springs of what was their life. They speak through him. He gives them the gift of tongues to utter the tale of their days as looked back upon from the end thereof. They speak, not Masters. And to this quality of impersonality in Mr. Masters's work is added another quality —the two in combination constituting genius. I mean the quality of universality. Each person's story is not only *a* life, it is *life*. The nexus and plexus of all these lives of Spoon River is the nexus or plexus of life everywhere.

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"Spoon River is somewhat provincial, yes; but out of it came Lincoln, and the Democratic movement, from Greenbackism to the new Freedom, and the trust magnates and women who made Paris turn to watch them as they passed. Spoon River we know in somewhat of an earlier aspect in Frances Grierson's *The Valley of the Shadow* and you'll find it living in Herndon's *Life of Lincoln*. There are Spoon Rivers to-day in Kansas, Nebraska and such places—Mr. Masters gives us their 'Who's Who,' writing of this Spoon River of his boyhood, nor need I point out, to such as have followed the 'Anthology' thus far, that there are men and situations of the larger American life to-day described, dissected and exposed under names and in settings which are a clef. All Spoon River comes to confession to us, and—they are our *doppelgangers*. Spoon River is New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis, and these dead folk are saying to each of us, 'You too!' What Mr. Masters does is to make us see with him and hear. Does he *sing?* Some will say not; yet I think he does, often and often and makes the reader's heart throb and thrill and his pulse go with the rhythm."

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Schnitzler's Vienna

An introduction of rather unusual quality is that written by Edwin Bjorkman for the eleventh volume of the Modern Drama Series (Mitchell Kennerley), which includes three plays, *The Lonely Way, Intermezzo* and *Countess Mizzie,* from the works of Arthur Schnitzler. Mr. Bjorkmann recalls the following anecdote to emphasise the curious Spanish strain that is perceptible in Viennese literature:

Hermann Bahr, the noted playwright and critic, tried one day to explain the spirit of certain Viennese architecture to a German friend, who persisted in saying: "Yes, yes, but always there remains something that I find curiously foreign." At that moment an old-fashioned Spanish state carriage was coming along the street, probably on its way to or from the imperial palace. The German could hardly believe his eyes and expressed in strong terms his wonderment at finding such a relic surviving in an ultra-modern town like Vienna.

"You forget that our history is partly Spanish," Bahr retorted. "And nothing could serve better than that old carriage to explain what you cannot grasp in our art and poetry."

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Joffre's Book

My March to Timbuctoo, the only book which General Joffre, who is now probably the most famous soldier in the world, has ever written, being an account of the expedition he led to Timbuctoo about fifteen years ago, has just been translated into English and published in this country by Duffield and Company. There is an introduction by Ernest Dimnet, which gives an interesting sketch of General Joffre as a man and as a soldier. The book itself is written in the concise, direct and simple style one would expect from the man, and while the expedition

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was eminently successful, the whole subject is treated in the most quiet and matter-of-fact way. As this is the only published writing by General Joffre, it is of interest at this moment and throws indirectly a great deal of light on his personality and general character.

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Artzibashef's Beginning

"Quite by chance in the year 1901 I wrote my first story, *Pasha Tumanoff*," relates M. Artzibashef, in the course of an autobiographic letter that is incorporated in the introduction of the English edition of *The Millionaire*. "An actual occurrence and my own hatred for the superannuated schools suggested the subject. People have no idea of what a Russian grammar school is like. The innumerable suicides of the pupils, which still continue, are a testimony of its educational value for Russian youth. *Pasha Tumanoff* had been accepted for publication by one of the most distinguished Russian reviews, but it was not allowed to appear because the censorship at that time categorically forbade any statements to be made which did not show life in the schools in a pleasing light. Thus it was impossible for the story to achieve publicity at the right time, and it did not appear until some years later in book form. Moreover, that has been the fate of many of my things. In spite of this the story was not without favourable effect for me; it attracted the attention of the editorial staff and stimulated me to further work. I renounced my dream of becoming an artist and transferred my allegiance to literature. This was very hard; even to-day I cannot see paintings without emotion; I love colours more than words.

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"*Pasha Tumanoff* was followed by two or three stories which interested the editor of a small review, a man named Mirolinboff. My first introduction to literary circles I owe to him. Up till then I had never been in editorial offices, but had always sent my tales by post. This was because I imagined them as temples consecrated to literature, which I revered. Nowadays we live in other times and have other customs in Russia; advertisement and influence dominate the literary world. However, Mirolinboff's name will leave its mark on the history of Russian literature, although he did not write himself. He was the last Mohican of the old idealistic, self-sacrificing school of literature, which has now been supplanted by commercial interests here, as it has in Western Europe. His energy, his intelligence, his touching love for his work, and the wonderful gift of a fascinating personality made his small review, which only cost a rouble a year, one of the most distinguished publications, while from a literary point of view it excelled all the other large and expensive ones. The greatest exponents of our modern literature—Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreyeff, Kuprin and others—contributed to it. It has now been abandoned, for Mirolinboff did not wish to lower its standard, as all the others did, even in the darkest days of the Revolution. Mirolinboff himself was obliged to seek refuge abroad from government proceedings. My acquaintance with him was of the greatest importance to me personally. I owe to him much of my development as a writer; and he made matters easier for me by appointing me sub-editor of his paper, although at that time I was absolutely unknown and very young. Mirolinboff was a born editor and taught me also to like the occupation, which I continued to follow even after his review had been given up, editing now one journal, now another. I look upon it as one of my merits that I have helped so many young writers, who are now becoming known."

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Benson the Writer

Of the late Robert Hugh Benson's adventures in authorship, Arthur Christopher Benson, in *Hugh, Memoirs of a Brother*, says that when he was writing a book he was like a man galloping across country in a fresh, sunny morning, and shouting aloud for joy.

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When he was actually engaged in writing he was oblivious of all else, and lived in a sort of dream. He used to make a rough outline, a kind of scenario, indicating the gradual growth of the plot. That was done rapidly, and he always said that the moment his characters were conceived they began to haunt his mind with emphatic vividness; but he wrote very fast, and a great quantity at a time. His life got fuller and fuller of engagements, but he would get back to Hare Street for a day or two, when he would write from morning to night with a brief interval for gardening or handicraft, and briefer intervals for meals. He was fond of reading aloud bits of his books as they grew. He read all of his books aloud to his mother in manuscript, and paid careful heed to her criticisms, particularly with reference to his female characters. Robert Hugh

THE THREE BROTHERS, 1882

E. F. Benson at Marlborough. Aged 15.

A. C. Benson at Cambridge. Aged 21.

R. H. Benson at Mr. Cornish's School at Clevedon. Aged 11.

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Benson's favourite among his own books, and it was also the favourite of Arthur Christopher Benson, was *Richard Raynal, Solitary*. "Of course," comments Arthur Christopher, "it is an archaic book, and written, as the musicians say, in a mode."

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French Titles

Naturally, in France as elsewhere, the war has ushered in an entire new literature, or, rather, the literature of yesterday has, in a single stroke, been completely transformed. The daily papers are running as serials patriotic novels with such expressive titles as *The Blood of France, The Bloody Roads, The Daughter of the Boche* (Boche is the term used when speaking of the Germans and is perhaps derived from caboche, which means noddle, or hob-nail), *The Lovers of the Frontier, The Spy of William, The Hairy Men of the North.* The posters in front of the theatres are similarly significant. *The Fiancée of Glory, The Soldiers of France, The Tri-Colour of Youth, Forward March,* and *The Huns.* Of books of a more serious nature *Les Annales* of Paris in a recent issue, mentions the following: *Scraps of Paper, What One Should Know of the Origins of the War, Who Wanted the War?, the Violation of the Neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, The Lessons of the Yellow Book, The History of the War Through the Army Bulletins, The Illustrated History of the War,* and *The Responsibilities of Germany.*

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Americans Take Notice

Every other day brings us a new version of the battle of Dorking with its very necessary warning to the American people regarding the inadequacy of our national defence. These books are being written, not as the late Frank R. Stockton's *The Great War Syndicate* was written, in a spirit of rollicking nonsense. There is little attempt at humour, for since the first of last August* war is not a topic to be considered in its humourous aspect. A year ago we should probably have scoffed at these books as dealing with what most of us considered to be a remote possibility. But there is no thought of scoffing now. We must learn the lesson of those terrible months, and the writers of these books seem determined that we shall learn it. Perhaps as significant as any of them is Mr. J. Bernard Walker's *America Fallen.* Long before the beginning of the war a chance word heard in Berlin by Mr. Walker stirred him to a realisation of the danger that threatened the United States. In the preface to his book he protests his lack of prejudice, saying that Germany is chosen as the foe to point the moral of our unpreparedness because German unity of thought and action provide the strongest contrast to the lack of harmonious purpose and co-ordinated effort which characterise the United States.

* These paragraphs were written before the unspeakable atrocity of May 7th.

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The Treaty of Geneva, which brought the European War to a close, was signed, on March 1, 1916, by the peace plenipotentiaries of no less than thirteen nations. Throughout the preceding summer, autumn and early winter the struggle had been waged with unabated fury. Three million troops of Italy and the Balkan states had entered the struggle, and before weight of numbers and a crushing superiority in artillery the Germans and Austrians were driven back upon Budapest and Vienna in the east, and to the Rhine on the west. Behind their new fortifications, however, they seemed impregnable, and everything pointed to a defensive campaign that would endure throughout 1916. But Holland suddenly declaring war, intrenched herself heavily on the German border, and a vast allied reserve army drove down in a resistless offensive into Westphalia, taking the German army in the right flank and rear, and capturing the great centres of artillery and ammunition supply in Essen and the surrounding districts.

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With the Krupp and other factories in the hands of the Allies, Germany

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realised that the war must end automatically, and accepted the friendly offices of the Swiss Government, and the peace conference opened at Geneva. There was little trouble in coming to terms about boundaries and territory. Russia, holding Constantinople, agreed readily to the recreation of Poland as a "buffer" state. France regained Alsace and Lorraine, and to Italy were restored her lost provinces. Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia and Japan all received certain territorial concessions. But when the Allies asked for an indemnity of fifteen billions of dollars, the first instalment of which would be paid to Belgium, Germany stood firm. Nor would she yield to Great Britain's demand for the reduction of the German fleet. If the transfer of so much as a ship's launch to a foreign flag were suggested, the Prussian diplomats declared, Germany would withdraw at once from the convention, and "would fight it out until the last mark, the last loaf of bread, and the last man was gone. The deadlock brought about a week's adjournment, during which the world was in a state of profound despondency over the probability of a continuance of the struggle. But the next session was marked by a dramatic incident.

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The German plenipotentiary announced that he had received instructions from Berlin to state that if no more

Lazarmek, Photographer.

GOING TO THE TRAIN. BY HELENA SMITH DAYTON. AMERICAN SALON OF HUMOURISTS. IN THE BOOKMAN FOR JANUARY OF THIS YEAR THERE APPEARED AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "WANTED, AN AMERICAN SALON OF HUMOURISTS." THE RESPONSE TO THAT PAPER WAS ALMOST IMMEDIATE; THE AMERICAN SALON OF HUMOURISTS CAME INTO BEING AND HAS BEEN HOLDING ITS FIRST EXHIBIT AT THE FOLSOM GALLERIES IN NEW YORK CITY.

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mention were made of the dismemberment of her fleet, Germany would agree to pay the indemnity of fifteen billion dollars. England was at first disposed to insist upon her point, but receded when shown by the rest of the Allies that the assumption by Germany of this enormous indebtedness would so far cripple her financially as to render any material increase of her naval forces impossible before the existing ships had become obsolete. So on March 1, 1916, the treaty was signed, and thereafter men said to one another when they met: "How came it about that Germany so suddenly agreed to pay that fifteen billion dollar indebtedness?"

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The scene changes to the council chamber of Potsdam, where the Kaiser is speaking. He recalls that the day has come and gone and Germany has lost. But defeat has brought with it no diminution of energy or power. For the nation there is a new future, a future beyond the seas, in the southern half of the great American continent. In the way of that future there is only one obstacle, the fiction which has come to be known as the "Monroe Doctrine." A secret agreement has been reached by which Great Britain has pledged herself to a neutral attitude on the Monroe Doctrine, except so far as it affects her own North American possessions. With this neutrality assured, the great vulnerable American Republic, endeavouring to support a line of first-class international policies with a third-class navy, and with practically negligible military forces, is open to easy conquest. The burden of the fifteen billion dollar indemnity must be lifted from the German people and placed on the United States. The first step for the proposed invasion has been taken by the acquisition by purchase from Denmark of the island of St. Thomas in the West Indies, and the moral justification for the invasion is based on the fact that America has been supplying guns, ammunition and military stores and equipment to Germany's enemies. "On yonder side of the Atlantic," says the Kaiser, "lies an undefended treasure land, fifty billions of whose one hundred and fifty billions of wealth are to be found on the seaboard, and within easy reach of an expeditionary force and the guns of a hostile fleet. It is my purpose that the German navy, on whose behalf I have assumed the indemnity, shall be made the instrument for securing the means of payment. It will appeal to your sense of the fitness of things that the United States, which has contributed so largely to our defeat, should pay the cost of this war and that the navy should pay the part of collector. That, gentlemen, is the plan, and April 1, 1916, will be 'Der Tag'!"

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On the very day of the signing of the Treaty of Geneva the great fleet of German merchant ships which had been interned in American ports set sail for the Fatherland. To make easier the task of demobilisation, the German Government announced that military rule and censorship would be continued a few weeks more. Behind this screen a picked force of two hundred thousand veterans of the first line was diverted to the leading German seaports. Soon loaded transports were slipping their harbours and putting to sea. On March 15th the announcement was made through the Berlin newspapers that the whole German fleet, after a review in the Bight of Heligoland, would undertake, for the purpose of regaining its sealegs, a series of vast manœuvres in the mid-Atlantic. The morning of March 18th the greatest naval force that had ever assembled under the German flag was drawn up at Heligoland. The first line, six miles in length, was made up of dreadnoughts and battle cruisers, the second line of pre-dreadnought battleships, the third of armoured cruisers and light cruisers, the fourth of destroyers and seagoing submarines, and the fifth of the auxiliaries. All this was printed broadcast for the world. What was not printed were the sealed orders of the admiral of the Red Fleet and of the Blue Fleet. But in accordance with these orders, on March 20, 1916, in the dark of a moonless night,

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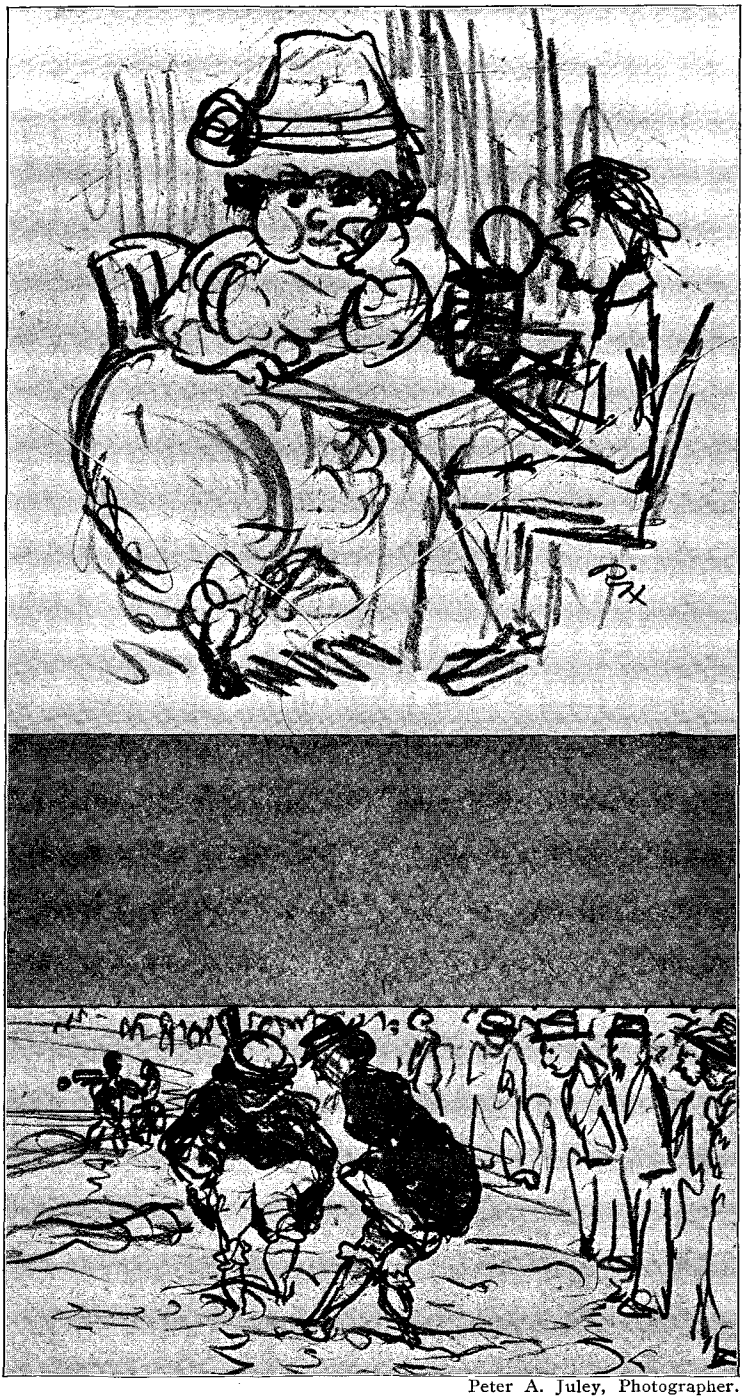

Peter A. Juley, Photographer.

PABST'S. BY ROBERT HENRI

LIGHT BATHING. BY ROBERT HENRI. AMERICAN SALON OF HUMOURISTS.

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the last ship in the greatest naval raid ever planned in the history of the world headed silently from the Bight of Heligoland for the North Sea and the coast of North America.

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Meanwhile, in the United States people were going about their business and pleasure in fancied security, while for the payment of fraudulent pension claims Congress was voting the money that, properly spent, would have made the fancied security real security. In the papers some attention was being paid to the reported negotiations between Germany and Denmark with regard to the purchase of St. Thomas. On March 24th the Secretary of State gave out a reassuring interview in which he emphasised the pleasant relations that existed and would continue to exist between the United States and Germany. But just a week later, on the evening of March 31st, came the news that the German Government had announced the purchase of St. Thomas and the intention of making it one of the strongest naval bases in the world, and that night, at the call of the President, a meeting of the Cabinet convened in the White House. For the first time the gravity of the situation was realised. The truth of the dispatch had been confirmed by the German Ambassador. The British Ambassador, asked what reliance the United States might put on the English fleet, said that the failure of the United States Government to make any protest against the violation of Belgium neutrality, the strewing of mines on the high seas, and other violations of the humanitarian laws of war, had so estranged the sympathies of the British nation that its government could pledge itself to nothing more than an attitude of strict neutrality. From the chief of staff of the army and the president of the general board of the navy the Cabinet learned the terrible disparity both on land and on sea that would be against this country in the event of conflict. With a navy scattered all over the world, a mere handful of troops on the Atlantic seaboard, coast fortifications that could be

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM. BY H. J. GLINTENCAMP. AMERICAN SALON OF HUMOURISTS

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taken in reverse, it would be an easy matter for the enemy to lay our seacoast cities under tribute, and, in the first week of the war, to land sufficient forces to capture all the arsenals, ammunition, supplies and factories for the manufacture of guns, rifles and powder. Long before our widely scattered mobile army of thirty thousand regulars and sixty thousand militia could be brought together effectively to stay his progress. It was the advice of the chief of staff of the army that in his dealings with the German Government the Secretary of State should put on kid gloves of the very softest texture. The Secretary of State did so. But six hours after that Cabinet meeting closed Germany declared war on the United States.

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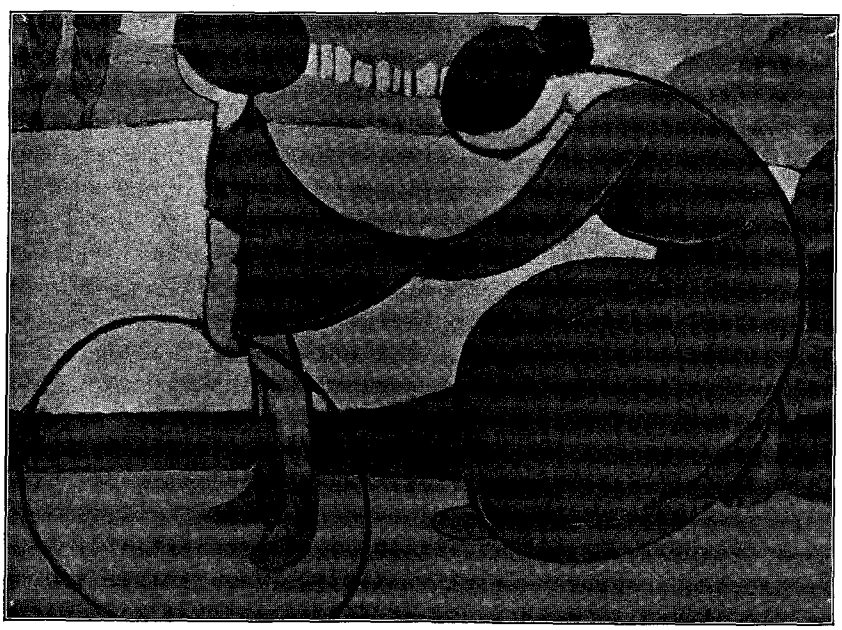
Even regarded in the light of purely imaginary fiction, the subsequent chapters of *Mr. Walker's book* are not exactly pleasant reading for Americans. He finds no evasion of the price to be paid for national negligence; he evokes no bolt from the blue to blast the oncoming German fleet and scatter its hulks over the sea. Relentlessly the tale is carried to its bitter end. The dawn of April 1st sees the Teuton dreadnoughts *in New York Harbour*, the American ships in the Brooklyn Navy Yard sunk by submarines, and the forts on which the city has relied for protection in the hands of German land forces. Five billion dollars, with an immediate first payment of five hundred million dollars in gold, is the stipulated price of New York's ransom. A counter proposal of one billion with a cash payment of fifty millions brings nothing but a rain of shells that send the dominating structures of the city tumbling to the ground. There is nothing to do but to yield, and the capitulation of New York is quickly followed by similar surrender of Boston and Washington. On the sea the Germans, using the American secret naval code, lure the American fleet in the Caribbean into a fight against overwhelming odds, and the last American ship goes down under a hurricane of fire and steel. It is the reaping of the whirl-



Peter A. Juley, Photographer.

LA TOILETTE. BY ALFRED FRUEH AMERICAN SALON OF HUMOURISTS

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wind, and when Pittsburgh is captured and the National Government at Cincinnati accepts the humiliating terms of the invader the chief of staff offers the following advice: "I would suggest that the government pay this indemnity and write it off on the national ledger as the cost of being taught the great national duty of military preparedness."

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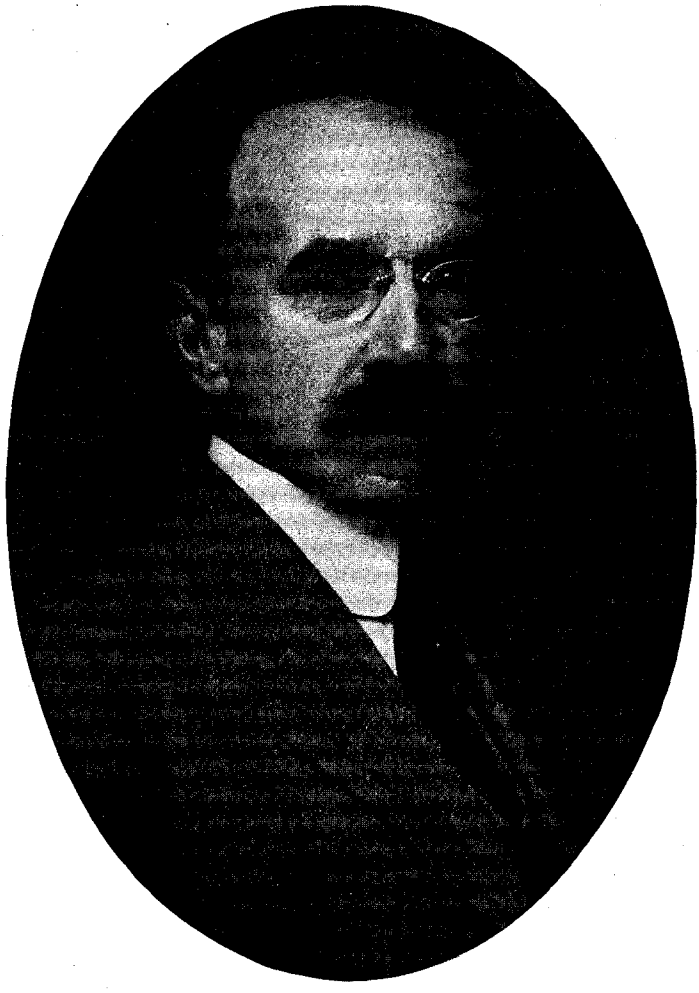
J. Bernard Walker, who was a civil engineer by profession, entered the field of journalism as the result of frequent contributions to technical magazines, written in the leisure hours of his work. He has filled the position of editor of the *Scientific American* for the past seventeen years. During this period most of the more important engineering articles on that journal have come from his pen. He has made a special study of naval affairs, and is a firm believer in the controlling influence of sea power in shaping national destinies. His writings on the Navy and Merchant Marine date from a special edition of the *Scien-*



J. BERNARD WALKER

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tific American on the Navy brought out during the Spanish-American War, of which nearly half a million copes were sold.

His latest work of this character was a series of articles entitled "A Landman's Log Aboard the Battleship *North Dakota,* giving personal impressions of a two-weeks' cruise with the Atlantic fleet during the autumn manœuvres.

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In German Eyes

A German view, that of Dr. Leon Kellner, professor of English literature in the University of Zczernowitz, Austria, finds in Henry James a spiritual kinship with Hawthorne. They both cultivated the same species of art, differing only in the choice of matter, a natural result of the different circumstances of their lives. Professor Kellner regards Henry James as an embodied protest against the vulgar misuse of language which celebrates its triumphs in the rhetoric characteristic of a certain portion of the American press.

Polysyllabic words of Latin origin, prolixity, circumlocution, crass exaggeration, sensationalism, constant striving for crude effects, hurrah-patriotism, fawning upon the mob, a mania for quotation, predilection for the commonplaces of the school of Martin Tupper, false sentimentality, complacent philistinism—James abhors these abominations with all his soul. And in his hatred of this crudity and flatness of provincial authorship, his ideal of art is to keep aloof as far as possible not only from the common, but also from the popular, from the obvious, and likewise from the readily comprehensible. He has such contempt for the piling up of incidents that, where possible, he eliminates action altogether. Psychological analysis and mastery of the art of words are to him the only legitimate resources of the writer of fiction.

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Comparing Henry James and William Dean Howells, Professor Kellner considers finesse to be the distinguishing characteristic of them both. The reader

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE, WHOSE NOVEL, "ALICE AND FAMILY," IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

of whom their figures would appeal must be prepared to solve psychological problems, enigmas of character. They themselves furnish only the material in a certain way.

They exhibit a man or a woman in daily life—show us how they eat and drink, pay visits and talk, how they go about their work and pass their leisure hours. In the midst of these everyday occurrences a fateful situation is evolved—what he or she will do in that juncture signifies a decision affecting their whole future: how will he, how will she, decide? In the case of every other story-teller one can predict with a great degree of probability what the decision will be—with James never, rarely with Howells. The women, particularly, are inscrutable to the average intelligence.

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An Opinion

Our opinion has been asked as to the two most distinctive novels from American authors that the present year has so far produced. We have no hesitation in saying that our emphatic choice is, first,

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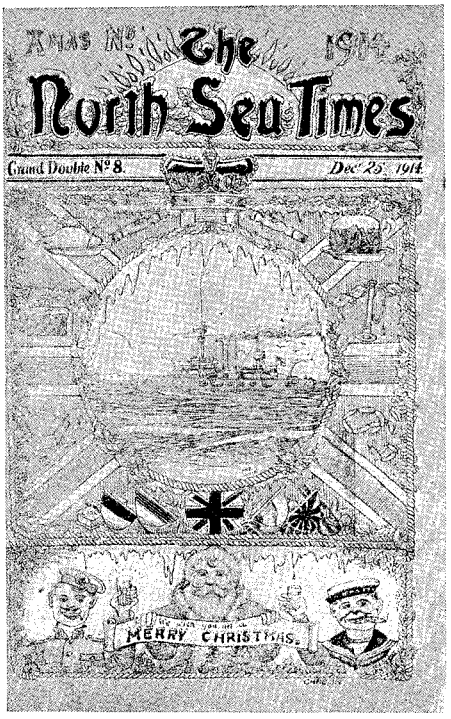

TITLE PAGE OF "THE NORTH SEA TIMES," WRITTEN, PRINTED AND ILLUSTRATED ON BOARD H. M. S. KING EDWARD VII, WITH THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE NORTH SEA.

Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* and, second, Mr. Poole's *The Harbour*. In *The Turmoil* we have ripe achievement; in *The Harbour* we have rich promise. While on this subject we had better acknowledge the many complaints that have come to us that THE BOOKMAN in its review in the March number did scant justice to Mr. Tarkington's story. That these complaints are based on sound justice we do not attempt to deny. We offer this confession as a partial amendment. *The Turmoil,* by the way, from the reports at the back of the May issue, broke all records in the history of THE BOOKMAN lists, with four hundred and four out of a possible four hundred and fifty points. It held first place in thirty-eight out of the forty-five reports sent in. It was second on three lists, but did not appear at all in the returns from Albany, New York, San Antonio, Texas, Toledo, Ohio, or Waco, Texas. As some one naïvely asked, "What's the matter with Albany, San Antonio, Toledo and Waco?"

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THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART IV—NEW YORK AND THE MAKING OF A METROPOLIS.

"I AM satisfied," wrote Benjamin Rush in 1799, "the ratio of intellect is as twenty to one and of knowledge one hundred to one, in these States compared with what they were before the American Revolution." This was the year that Charles Brockden Brown thought both were ripe enough to create in New York City a demand for a purely literary journal. The *Monthly Magazine and American Review* had been a long-cherished plan. It languished and dwindled until in 1801 it was rebaptized into a momentary resuscitation, the *American Review and Literary Journal.*

Juliet might persuade herself there was nothing in a name, but the proprietors of American magazines—like the proprietors of American theatres—seem always to have reasoned differently. Since the beginning they have sought to hoodwink their hoodoo, in the manner of the landlord who hoped to lay his unprofitable ghost by putting up another sign on his inn. In Brown's case, as in all similar shifts in the magazine world, the expedient proved unsuccessful. A magazine that changes its name in hopes of bettering its condition should remember the old counsel to brides, and change the letter also. As long as this remained the same, there was no sufficient public for Brown's magazine. At the century's very beginning, and in New York City, neither intellect nor knowledge was present in sufficient quantity to support a periodical consisting entirely of reviews, reports of foreign works, and a literary journal. It was just another one of those magnificent and foolish undertakings of which we have seen so many; "yet by the bones about the wayside we have come into our own."

The "vision" of the pioneer, Brown shared with the rest; and he stated it in a dignified announcement free from verbiage and the already stereotyped diplomacies of the trade:

> The American people are perhaps more distinguished than those of Europe by an universal attention to the active and lucrative pursuits of life. This habit has grown out of the necessities of their situation. But there is reason now to expect more attention to polite literature and to science. Some European critics hold our pretensions in contempt, and many among ourselves seem inclined to degrade our countrymen below the common level. The causes why the intellectual soil of America is so comparatively sterile are obvious. We do not cultivate it. It is only the gradual influence of time that will generate and continue a race of artists and authors purely indigenous and who may vie with those of Europe. This period is, probably, at no great distance; and no means seem better calculated to hasten so desirable an event than those of literary repositories. It is from the want of a clear and comprehensive survey of our literary products that we are in a great measure to ascribe the censures of foreign critics. The plan of a Review, so new in America, has had many prejudices and obstacles to surmount. It was thought that young American writers would not bear criticism and must be treated with peculiar indulgence. Experience has proved this objection to be without foundation. How far those who have executed the department of criticism are qualified for the undertaking, the public have it in their power to decide. Their purpose has been not so much to exhibit their own opinions as the spirit and the manner of the author. It is not probable that any individual can be found who with the requisite ability and inclination has leisure and perseverance enough, successfully to con-

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duct a work of this kind. Depending then as it must do on persons of various pursuits and different political sentiments, it is not surprising that occasional difference of opinion should appear. But whatever bias may at times appear on one side or the other, it is hoped that nothing will be discerned that indicates the narrow and mean spirit of little minds. Those who look for the ordinary effusions of party-politics must turn elsewhere. Morality and religion we shall feel it our duty to maintain to the best of our ability. Original essays we confidently hope for, but no promises are given.

In the last-mentioned hope, as in all the others, he was destined to disappointment. He had been obliged to furnish almost the entire contents of the earlier magazine; it was the same with this and with its successor, the *Literary Magazine and American Register,* established in Philadelphia in 1803. This third of his gallant, premature endeavours struck, in the more intellectual soil of the latter city, roots hardly enough to suck up a five years' subsistence. But even there he ran his engine at one-man power. In 1804 he wrote to his brother: "You will find but a single communication in this number—all the rest of the original prose I have been obliged to supply myself, for which I am sorry, for the sake of the credit of the work as well as of my own ease. The whole original department of July I have been obliged to spin out of my own brain. You will probably find it, of consequence, very dull."

A letter he had written his brother from New York in 1800 mentions other difficulties. "Yesterday the due number of copies of number three of the magazine was put on board the stage for your city, where I hope they have seasonably arrived. This once the printers have been tolerably punctual and hereafter I have reason to think they will be regular. Book-making, as you observe, is the dullest of trades, and the utmost that any American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed for his unavoidable expenses. The salability of my works will much depend upon their popularity in England." Perhaps he would have lost faith in his vision if he could have foreseen that a half century later his chief successor in New York would still be fighting desperately—to fall at last—the same foe, if under a new face. Said the *Knickerbocker* in an article on Leland in 1856: "Apart from the editors of newspapers, where shall we find a body of men, however innumerous, who can earn their daily bread by their pen alone?" We are filled with shame and indignation at the legislative stupidity which offers a few miserable types of American professional litterateur as victims to the niggardly reprinting of a rival literature." The main situation had not altered much, even if a book could count upon wider distribution than in the eleven cities where Brown had agents. "As collection of small sums is difficult and expensive, those who reside at a distance from Boston, Hartford, New Haven, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Alexandria, Norfolk, Charleston, and Savannah, where numbers are sold, will kindly designate some person in their town as agent to receive and pay for their copies." This difficulty and others caused Brown to turn his magazine into a quarterly at fifty cents a number. "The thin population of the United States renders it impossible to procure sufficient support from any one city, and the dispersed situation of readers, the embarrassments attending the diffusion of copies over a wide extent of country, and the obstacles to a prompt collection of the small sums which so cheap a publication demanded, are, it is presumed, satisfactory reasons for altering the publication so as to diminish these inconveniences."

In spite of all shifts, however, his thoroughly creditable and well-arranged review went down. There was not enough public for its purely intellectual appeal. All European travellers of the period agreed that Americans were inordinately devoted to making money, and the Scotch Mackenzie said that the descendants of the Dutch particularly were avaricious. Those people in New York,

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too, that might have had leisure and inclination to improve their minds, spent all their time out of the counting-house in social pleasures. The little Dutch town, said Felix de Beaujour, was the only one in America which had a really continental quality—the others were English or West Indian. Close-fisted these Dutchmen might be, but they were very fond of gayeties; and very hospitable in entertainment at their own homes. A resident of Philadelphia remarked in 1806 that there were fewer taverns frequented by the genteel than in his own city, and strangers received far more attention. Most of the energy which cultivated New Yorkers could spare from business went out in maintaining a round of social pleasures, strictly after business hours. The only people who cared about reading, they naturally seized eagerly upon a kind which, so far from taking time from their social pursuits, added a zest to them. Rarely has a more delightful morning dawned in a gay, gossipy little world than January 24, 1807, when the first number of *Salmagundi* appeared.

Launcelot Langstaff, Anthony Evergreen, and William Wizard

"Its object," wrote Paulding, "was to ridicule the follies and foibles of the fashionable world. Though we had not anticipated anything beyond a local circulation, the work extended throughout the United States and acquired great popularity. It was, I believe, the first of its kind in the country; produced numerous smaller publications, none of which, however, extended beyond a few numbers; and formed somewhat of an era in our literature. It reached two volumes, and we could have continued it indefinitely; but the publisher, with that liberality so characteristic of these modern Mæcenases, declined to concede to us a share of the profits, which had become considerable." Yet it seems to have been distinctly understood in the beginning that Longworth, the publisher, in assuming all the risks, would assume the profits also. "We have nothing to do with the pecuniary concerns of this paper," ran the editorial announcement in the first number; "its success will yield us neither pride nor profit, nor will its failure occasion to us either loss or mortification." The authors, indeed, could not have calculated on the paper's doing more than pay expenses—well-nigh universal experience would have taught them to expect even less. When Longworth suggested, fairly enough, that they take out a copyright, they had answered that it was not worth while. Consequently Longworth was quite within his rights when, having taken it out himself in addition to the initial risk, he refused to share his profits with them. But he seems at least to have begun to do so, for the three authors received from him one hundred dollars apiece. It may well be that as they saw the profits unexpectedly mounting up, they took an attitude which the publisher felt some justification in resenting. The immediate cause of their abrupt retirement on the twentieth number was his advancing the price to one shilling. Paulding calculated that he and Irving had enriched their publisher by ten thousand dollars when the copyright expired in 1822.

Salmagundi's success at the time was quite enough to turn the head of every publisher who had in the teeth of experience handsomely undertaken to assume all risks, and of authors who flew afterward on fire to hear such rich reprisals were so nigh and yet not theirs. Eight hundred copies of the fourth issue sold on the day of publication in a town of eighty thousand inhabitants was electrifying. At first it was to have been published—like *The Philistine* almost a century later—"every once in a while," but in its first flush of triumph it became a weekly. Though it moderated its pace later, it continued to show all competitors Atalanta's heels—especially its "next-door neighbour, *Town*," which soon dropped out of the running. The waggish impertinence, buoyant and bland, of the mysterious trio, Launcelot

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Langstaff, Anthony Evergreen, and William Wizard, decidedly caught on. It was a new thing for authors to take themselves so lightly (their levity being possibly occasioned by the comforting knowledge that Longworth was footing the bills). "The paper on which this work will be printed is that held in highest estimation by young ladies for buckling up their hair," read the announcement.

Imitations, as Paulding said, shot up everywhere. Though most of them withered overnight, the neat drolleries of the original remained for a long while the aspiration of every young writer. Why not, indeed, since Irving was the only American who had as yet captured the coveted London approbation? "We had a Dennie," said the Philadelphia *Critic* censoriously in 1820, "yet his classical elegance has not availed to preserve his countrymen from being intoxicated by the quaintness and affectation of the Salmagundi school." But Beatrice Ironside, the sprightly editress of the Baltimore *Observer,* snapped her fingers at the earlier Addisonian tradition of Dennie with as much delight as the rest of her countrymen. The modified type was more suitable to the century. "Although our city readers have most probably generally seen *Salmagundi,*" she wrote, "yet we cannot forbear extracting the following ludicrous and admirable description. We were almost apprehensive that the wit which sparkled with such continual brilliancy in the first numbers would have too soon wasted fire, but we are delighted to find the fifth number even perhaps surpasses those which preceded it, and that the genius and satirical talents of the facetious editors appear to be as inexhaustible as the subjects which call them forth."

In 1819 Paulding made an attempt to resuscitate Salmagundi while Irving was in Europe. A letter to him in 1820 tells the story.

> Hearing last winter that you had finally declined coming home and finding my leisure time a little heavy, I set to work and prepared several numbers of a continuation of our old joint production. At that time and subsequently, I was entirely ignorant that you contemplated anything of the kind [in the Sketch Book]. But for an accidental delay, my first number would have got the start of yours. As it happened, however, it has the appearance of taking the field against you, which neither my head nor my heart will sanction. I believe my work has not done you any harm in the way of rivalship, for it has been soundly abused by many persons and compared with the first part with many degrading expressions. It has sold tolerably, but I shall discontinue it shortly.

Paulding was always disposed to rate their youthful venture much higher than did Irving. "I know you consider old Sal as a sort of saucy flippant trollope not worth fathering," he wrote. Saucy she might well be—the only American magazine who retired with flags flying in the very midst of her triumphs. Had Father *Knickerbocker,* who came along twenty-five years later, taken her breezy tip, his estate would have been the more gracious.

THE GENIAL SOCIAL KNICKERBOCKER.

"The dapper little town of the Dutch days," said the *Knickerbocker* making its opening speech, "has bloated into the big metropolis. The object of our magazine is to represent life and letters as existing here, not to assume their regulation. In literature, young, fresh, and unhackneyed as Americans are, we are already, by some strange fatuity, grievously given to twaddle." About ten years before Bryant had written the same thing to Dana concerning his magazine, the *Review and Athenæum.* "It is true, as you say, that there is a want of *literary entertainment* in our journal. But as to the multitude of clever men here who might furnish it, let me say that we have some clever men here, to be sure, but they are naughtily given to instructing the world, to elucidating political economy and jurisprudence, etc. They seem to think it a sort of disgrace to be entertaining. Since the time

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of Salmagundi the city has grown exceedingly grave and addicted to solid speculations. Paulding sometimes writes for our magizine, and we pick up the rest of it as well as we can." This, then, was the ideal of the *Knickerbocker*—to avoid heavy twaddle and to seek to entertain, as would a courtly gentleman at his own table. When in 1862 it had escaped for the moment the many calamities that threatened bankruptcy, it permitted itself in thanking its new friends a little retrospect of its honourable history. "People were 'a little aristocratic' then—it was the tone. Knick held up its head with the best of them; the old gentleman always kept good company and scorned the canaille. Well, he found friends in those later darkened days. It is not always enough to get your money's worth in mere paper and names. Pray remember that every magazine has its peculiar subtle influence. He who reads Knick breathes the American tone for thirty years, and renders himself liable of being suspected to be a gentleman through long habit and association." And years after it had descended into rest, Leland wrote endearingly in a similar strain, from the midst of more successful magazines of a later day, "There was never anything quite like the *Knickerbocker* and there never will be again. It required a sunny, genial, social atmosphere, such as we had before the war and never after; an easy writing of gay and cultivated men for one another, and not painfully elaborating jocosities as in ———. But never mind. It sparkled through its summer time, and oh, how its readers loved it! I sometimes think that I would like to hunt up the old title-plate with Diedrich Knickerbocker and his pipe, and issue it again every month to a few dozen subscribers who loved quaint odds and ends, till I too should pass away."

Everything was done, from the beginning, to increase this atmosphere. An early number regretted that the important ground once occupied by the London *Gentleman's* when it made itself the medium through which gentlemen of taste or science communicated with each other, had been abandoned by modern periodicals. It would always be happy to have its readers exchange views with each other. The Editors' Table, where it chatted at ease over everything in particular and nothing in general, was its glory. Besides this, the editor had gossip with readers and correspondents and remarked upon the various contributions. The last-named practice had been slowly making its way, and it won a permanent if equivocal place in the editorial heart. Probably no modern editor would care to examine the logic of it. Bryant had written to Dana in accepting a contribution for the *Review and Athenæum*, "You will appear in company with Mr. Halleck. The poem entitled 'Marco Bozzaris' is a very beautiful thing. Anderson was so delighted with it that he could not forbear adding the expression of his admiration at the end of the poem. I have my doubts whether it is not better to let the poetry of magazines commend itself to the reader by its own excellence." The *Knickerbocker*, though subscribers were always praising its Table as the chief and peculiar attraction, seemed never to have thought of departing from the fine print in which it had been the modest fashion to clothe editorial utterance. Possibly it typified the still small voice of the sleepless monitor. "So interesting a part of your magazine ought not to appear in such diminutive type," protested one diplomatic correspondent. Following the fashion, too, the type always grew smaller as the Table lengthened from month to month. Even the most voracious guest must have found twenty-six pages of well-nigh invisible print trying. But minute as it was, the very vanishing point was achieved in the monthly extracts from rejected articles. Perhaps this was also a symbol. Such type nowadays has taken its last stand, for the ordinary God-fearing citizen, in the franker torture-chamber of oculists. In 1860 Editor's Table began

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to publish a retrospect of their contributors. It was a war measure and the magazine was being starved out, but the history was one which justified self-satisfaction. The extracts from their editorial correspondence, too, included all of America's well-known names and many English ones. Their Ollapodiana, they said, had proved the most popular series of papers they had ever published.

These were written by Willis Clark, brother of the editor, upon whose death, in 1841, the Table had a four-page article. The announcement of his connection with the magazine in 1834 is an interesting item. "The editor's labours will be shared with his brother, whose residence in Philadelphia will oppose no obstacle to a regular division and execution of the duties pertaining to the work, the mail being so prompt as to render the connection entirely practicable. Philadelphia correspondents, or of towns to the South and West of that city, will write to him (post-paid always)." When Poe attacked the *Knickerbocker* in 1843, he said that the only redeeming quality of the editor was that he was the brother of the late Willis Clark. The genial fertile author of Ollapodiana, indeed, exactly realised Bryant's ideal of a magazine man. "I suspect we shall be sorely tried to get matter for the miscellaneous department," he had written Dana in 1826 on launching his magazine. "A talent for such articles is quite rare in this country, and particularly in this city. There are many who can give grave, sensible discussions on subjects of general utility, but few who can write an interesting or diverting article for miscellany." It is amusing to recall that New York once confessed that it had to go to Philadelphia for the light, gay chatter which should keep people awake.

A very brilliant start had the magazine, but its able inaugurator gave up the editorship in less than a year on account of failing health. To him and his successor Poe thus paid his respects in his article, the "New York Literati." "Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman was the original editor of the *Knickerbocker,* and gave it while under his control a tone and character the weight of which may be best estimated by the consideration that the work received an impetus which has enabled it to bear on alive, though tottering, month after month, under Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark. He subsequently owned and edited the *American Monthly,* one of the best journals we have ever had; and for a year conducted the New York *Mirror.*" Nevertheless, in spite of Poe's animosity, Clark conducted the tottering steps of the magazine for twenty years and for about half that time at least gave it a success undreamed of by its earlier editor. "By all means cultivate the *Knickerbocker,*" wrote Bridge to Hawthorne, seeking to find an opening. "For one's name to appear there is an introduction." A young writer, however, effected an introduction to the reader far less readily than to the editor. For some time his articles seem to have been modestly signed "By a New Contributor." For the most part, only the better-known names appeared. These immediately gave the magazine prestige. On the financial side, the number of copies had by the middle of the third year grown from five hundred to over four thousand. "With proper encouragement American periodicals will soon surpass those of England," the editor permitted himself to remark in 1837, surveying his increasing success. Several obstacles lay in the way, however. The chief was that old bogey, the unpaid subscription. "Instead of purchasing our magazines as in England," the dying *Port Folio* had said bitterly in 1820, "we subscribe for them." *Knickerbocker* had, in the past two years alone, lost over five thousand dollars. Appealing in 1837 to delinquent subscribers, it begged to point out that magazines, unlike newspapers, had little or no advertising to help defray expenses. One hundred and seven voluntary subscriptions had come in last month, they recorded proudly; but the editor could

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not have failed to reflect that subscribers often dodged the main issue. Again, the business management of the magazine sometimes did not keep faith. After *Knickerbocker* had begun under the most flattering auspices, the unprincipled management of the original proprietor soon disgusted the public; and the new proprietor had slowly to win back their confidence again. Agents, too, swindled both public and management. As with *Graham's* and *Godey's,* there was the increasing complaint on the part of distant subscribers that their numbers reached them late in the month, and after they had read the best articles in the journals. Early in 1840, they would try the plan of mailing every copy, the most distant first, before the first day of the month, on which day they would promptly serve their city readers. The plan seems to have been unsuccessful in frustrating the newspapers, however, and at the close of 1840 they announced that they would secure for their articles the protection of copyright.

The easy appropriation of their articles by foreign prints was by no means so exasperating. After all, to have become successful enough to be blackmailed has been a fortifying reflection to many a self-made man; and a grievance which can be profitably aired has decidedly good points. It was impressive to be able to complain each month that an article of the month before had been lifted in England, even without acknowledgment or "with numerous mutilations and interpolations suitable to the meridian of London." In 1836 is recorded with a complacent purr that no less than nine distinct articles of theirs, each inserted as original, had appeared in one number of the London *Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion;* in 1840 "Old Knick is growing cosmopolitan—several of our articles have appeared in French and German magazines." The year before there had been much swagger in their fine scorn of *Bentley's,* when it announced that "arrangements had been made for the appearance of the Crayon papers simultaneously with their appearance in the United States." *Bentley's,* of course, had done nothing of the sort, but what would you?—success had its penalties and poor *Bentley's* its predicaments.

Knick had been very proud of capturing Irving at last. At the close of its first year, it had regretted that the illustrious editor of Knickerbocker's History had not honoured the magazine, the name of which was the greatest compliment America had ever paid to his genius. It was in March, 1839, that Irving engaged to contribute monthly to its pages, for two thousand dollars a year in stated instalments, "I am tired of writing volumes," he said as he made his vow. "They do not afford exactly the relief I require as I grow old. I have thought therefore of securing to myself a snug corner in some periodical where I might loll at my ease in my elbow chair and chat sociably on any chance subject that might pop into my brain." The task of writing every month proved irksome to him, however, and—says Pierre Irving—the returns were less prompt than he had anticipated. But his good will to the magazine and to Lewis Clark induced him to continue his connection for two years.

In 1843 Poe ran amuck among the magazines in a style which was amazing even for him. He printed in the *New World* of March eleventh an article which *Knickerbocker* announced the following month it had rejected. It seems likely, says Griswold caustically, that he had subsequently somewhat altered his remarks upon that magazine, as he could scarcely have expected them to assert that their own glory had forever departed and that the principal cause of its melancholy decline might be traced to its peculiar and unappreciated editor, Lewis Clark. "The present condition of this periodical is that of a poorly cooked-up concern, a huge, handsome-looking body, but without a soul. The sooner it dies the better it will be for the proprietors; but if they

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will secure an able and efficient editor, we doubt not that it might be placed in the noble station it once occupied. Neither do we like the nominal editor of *Graham's Magazine*. A pretty good compiler, he possesses too many of the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Lewis Clark. He is wholly unfit, either by intellect or character, to occupy the editorial chair."

In 1862 the magazine announced that it had passed unto a new proprietor. It confessed to the public that it had many times been in sore straits. "Sooth to say, friends, it would have been little to the credit of America if a periodical which had been made glorious at one time or another by all the great writers of America, and ever maintained a high-toned, refined and moral standard, so that it was emphatically the magazine for a gentleman, should die for want of friends." Later in the same year it asserted that immediately after the change the circulation had nearly trebled, in consequence of the fresh array of talent attracted to it, notwithstanding the severe pressure of the times. Of this change Leland wrote in 1861 in his memoirs: "The old Knickerbocker had been for a long time running down to absolutely nothing. Its new purchaser endeavoured to galvanise it into life. Its sober grey-blue cover was changed to orange. Mr. Clark left it to my sorrow; but there was no help for it, for there was not a penny to pay him. [Clark had received a salary and divided the profits as joint-proprietor.] I consented to edit it, for I had an idea. This was to make it promptly a strong Republican monthly, which was utterly opposed to all of Mr. Clark's ideas. The financial depression in the North at this time was terrible. I prophesied editorially a prosperity close at hand such as no one ever dreamed of, and I advocated emancipation of slaves as a *war measure only* and without any regard to philanthropy. As publishing such views in the Knickerbocker was like pouring the wildest of new wine into the weakest of old bottles, the proprietor resolved at once to establish in Boston a political monthly to be called the *Continental,* to be devoted to this view of the situation. It was the only political magazine devoted to the Republican cause published during the war. It was often said that its bold course hastened by several months the emancipation of the slaves by Abraham Lincoln."

"There is always a warmth of feeling awakened when we look upon its neat lilac cover," had said the *United States Gazette* in 1845. One may imagine Knick turning orange for very shame to be thus ungenteelly hustled into the turmoil of the street. The old gentleman leaning upon his stick in the comfortable Dutch chair was fashioned for looking out of the window with the eyes of a contemplative philosopher. To make him an active politician was something like turning Colonel Carter into a ward heeler. "The time is past in this town," had said Philip Hone, another representative of Knickerbocker culture two decades before, "when a gentleman can afford to run for mayor." With Knick, the political career thus thrust upon him in his overripe old age, meant his speedy departure from the world. But even in dying he managed a graceful appearance. His name and the familiar vignette remained for some months after 1864 upon the title page of the *American Monthly,* and so he slipped unperceived from a rough world, which no longer held to the ancient ideals.

THE NEW BOHEMIA AND COCKAIGNE.

That Poe should have written an article discussing in such a tone the leading magazines of the day; that he should insert therein an attack upon the editor who had just rejected it; that any periodical should have been willing to publish it—each is a glimpse into the editorial urbanities of the time. The press was generally held to be a legitimate vehicle for the venting of personal spite. Another glimpse into the manners and morals of the New York printing world is afforded in Leland's memoirs.

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Frank Leslie, who had been with me on *Barnum's,* was now (1860) publishing half a dozen periodicals and newspapers, and offered me a fair price to give him my mornings. There was much rather shady, shaky Bohemianism about the frequenters of our sanctum. When the war broke out and Frank Leslie found that he no longer required my services, he paid my due, which was far in arrears, in his usual manner—that is, by orders on advertisers for goods which I did not want and for which I was charged double prices. Alexander Cummings had a very ingenious method of "shaving," when obliged to pay his debts. His friend, Simon Cameron, had a bank—the Middleton—which if not a very wild cat was far from being tame, as its notes were always five or ten per cent. below par, to our loss—for we were always paid in Middleton. I have often known the clerk to take a handful of notes at par and send out to buy Middleton wherewith to pay me. I am sorry to say that such tricks were universal among the very great majority of proprietors with whom I had dealings. To "do" the employees to the utmost was considered a matter of course, especially when the one employed was a "literary fellow" of any kind or an artist. . . . Heaven knows I worked hard enough on *Barnum's Illustrated News,* and, what was a great deal to boast of in those days, never profited one cent beyond free tickets to plays, which I had little time to use. I had great temptations to write up certain speculative enterprises and never accepted one. My play was simply despicably small [he was the sole literary editor], and there were editors in New York who for less work earned ten times my salary. When I returned to Philadelphia after my year in New York I had become familiarised with characteristic phases of American life and manners; but my father thought I had gone through a severe mill with rather doubtful characters.

But aside from these time-honoured accompaniments of the business side of the production of literature, there were spiritual by-products no less inevitable to a literary factory. The journalistic world of New York had begun to dig a wide gulf between itself and the Bœotian cites of Philadelphia and Boston. How else should it read its title clear? Fired by tales of returning sojourners in London and Paris, the town had learned what goes to the making of a metropolis. For a metropolis two items were indispensable — Bohemia within and "provinces" without. When duty whispered low thou must, the youth replied I can. Blushing for its callowness, it set about the job forthwith. It swaggered and posed and thought itself as devilish as any sophomore that ever coaxed a moustache. Its sedulous Bohemianism of the cellarage variety shocked or bored the youthful immigrants from soberer North and West hastening for draughts from the fountain-head. There were several dashing strangers to set the pace for the home talent. "Frank Forester" was one of them—an Englishman compact of natural and cultivated eccentricities, author of picturesque historical novels very successful in their day, and editor of the *American Monthly.* He suited his action to his word in a manner that was satisfyingly typical—especially when he committed suicide at a banquet he had spread for his friends. This was that *American Monthly* (by no means first or last of the name) which the young Park Benjamin had come from Boston to edit, bursting from the cocoon of the *New England* magazine. After a five-years career—during which the editor had established his metropolitanism by adopting the cut and thrust of Poe's critical tactics it had been gathered to its fathers in 1838, long before the *Knickerbocker* dreamt of reincarnating under its title. Poor Knick! All unconscious of the irony its latter end would afford the remark, it had dismissed its younger rival with a courtly word of valedictory. "We regretted when it mingled politics with literature. It is in vain to wed the two in this country—a divorce is sure to succeed."

Scarcely less than Bohemianism, however, did cockneyism prove congenial to the taste of the New York

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literati. After all, the higher halo of a metropolis is its circlet of "provinces." While Boston was quietly annexing all New England, New York had begun to label the outer world provincial. In 1841 Knick with its kindly superior smile had patted the *North American Review* upon its massive back, as it quoted some paragraphs which had been fortunate enough to meet with approbation. "We take pleasure in introducing it to the *public proper* in contradistinction to a small but select circle of readers in Boston and elsewhere." And of the first number of the *Dial*, it remarked indulgently: "There are good thoughts here, but they are smothered in words, words. 'If your meats are good, what is the use of disguising them?' said a Yankee to a chef at Paris. 'For my part I should like to *know* what I eat.' Four pails of water to a turnip does not make an edifying soup." In 1844 Maria White wrote to Briggs, who was starting the *Broadway Journal*: "Both James and myself feel greatly interested in your journal, in spite of its proposed name. James told me to express his horror to you at the cockneyism of such a title. The Broadway Chronicle chronicles the thoughts and feelings of Broadway, not those of the New England people, whom you seem willing to receive somewhat from."

THE NEW YORK BLIGHT.

The shifts and turns of the *Literary Review*, founded in 1822, the first literary periodical of pronounced merit since Brown's day, are typical of the scrabble for a living. R. C. Sands was its chief contributor. In 1824 the *Atlantic Magazine* was started and he was made editor. An amalgamation of the two starvelings was proposed in 1826, and the *New York Review and Athenæum* emerged from the melting pot. Bryant and Sands were the editors and had "the coöperation of several gentlemen, amply qualified to furnish the departments of Intelligence, Poetry, and Fiction." Bryant wrote to Dana: "My salary is $1,000; no great sum to be sure, but it is twice what I got by my practice in the country. The business of sitting in judgment on books as they come out is not the literary employment most to my taste, nor that for which I am best fitted, but it affords me for the present a *certain* compensation, which is a matter of some consequence to a poor devil like myself." But he was counting his chickens before the hatching. His quarter ownership and his $500 a year salary never amounted to that, and the prospective increase in real money never arrived. Nor was what he had "certain." Two more magazines the *Review* absorbed in its attempt to secure a New York public, and then the four-in-one migrated to Boston in hope of food; and here in speedy oblivion the five went down together. "Compared with the ample dimensions and vivacious contents of our later periodicals," say Parke Godwin," it was but a meagre and dull affair. It wanted distinctiveness, perhaps aggressiveness of character. Its disquisitions were heavy. It was no doubt as good as any of its contemporaries, even the *North American*, on which it was modelled. In respect to poetry, it surpassed them all. Two subjects were given prominence in the prose department which greatly needed coddling, the Fine Arts and the Italian Opera."

Sedgwick had written of the editor of the *Atlantic Magazine:* "Bliss and White, his publishers, are liberal gentlemen; they pay him $500 a year and authorise an expenditure of $500 more." A first-class magazine for a thousand a year! The proprietors evidently counted upon the editor and "communications" furnishing the body of each number. This could, at a pinch, have been counted upon for several decades to come; and very often it was, whether editors were promised a salary and had a financial interest or not, and whether they got their salary when they had been promised it. The two editors of Arcturus, started in 1841, wrote almost all the early articles. This was the next

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notable attempt after Bryant's to make New York support a purely literary magazine.

Its sub-title was *a Journal of Books and Opinions,* and it was edited by Cornelius Mathews and Evert Duyckinck. It died as modestly as it was born. "The late James Smith in one of his humourous sketches said his hero was accustomed to lie like the prospectus of a new magazine," said they reticently as they began. At the end of the first year, the publisher still assured them there was enough in the pouch to pay travelling expenses, but before another year the hopeful journey was ended. The magazine was an elegant one, and it left an impression deeper than many of much longer life. Poe agreed with Dana that in many respects it was decidedly the best ever published in this country.

"It was on the whole *too good* to enjoy extensive popularity, although I am here using an equivocal phrase, for a better journal might have been far more acceptable to the public. It was excessively tasteful, but this character applies more to its external or mechanical appearance than to its essential qualities. Unhappily, magazines and other similar publications are in the beginning judged chiefly by externals. People saw Arcturus looking very much like other works which had failed through notorious dulness, although admitted as arbitri elegantiarum in all points of what is termed taste or decorum; and they had no patience to examine further. It cannot be said that it wanted *force.* It was deficient in power of expression, and this deficiency is to be attributed mainly to the exceeding brevity of its articles—a brevity that degenerated into mere paragraphism precluding dissertation or argument. The magazine had in fact some of the worst or most inconvenient features of a weekly literary newspaper. The mannerism to which I refer seems to have had its source in undue admiration and consequent imitation of the Spectator.

But Duyckinck thought he saw ultimate success in the very item which Poe deemed responsible for its failure; and five years later, in 1847, he established the *Literary World,* a weekly. It lasted until 1853. E. P. Whipple wrote Griswold that the new journal was better than anything we had had before; and that it would, if it succeeded and cut loose from all sectional and personal predilections, be a valuable aid to American literature. William Allen Butler wrote of it after Duyckinck's death: "The experience of a purely literary journal, dependent on its own merits and not on the patronage of a publishing house, and appealing rather to the sympathies than to the needs of that very small portion of the public which took satisfaction in a weekly presentation of the progress of ideas without reference to their own party politics, religious denomination, their craving for continuous fiction, or their preference for woodcuts and caricatures, was not encouraging."

The religious and literary periodical had been a very important early phenomenon in America. Samuel Osgood could not understand why such a publication, at least, had been unable to get a firm foothold in a community so orthodox and theological. The *Literary and Theological Review* and the *New York Review* had both of them signally failed, while in Boston the *Christian Disciple* begun in 1813 and becoming the *Christian Examiner* in 1824 had kept flying the standard of liberal scholarship for a long and vital career. Possibly, he speculated, it was because Boston confided to it all new and debatable opinions. Certain it is that when later this paper based its hopes less upon liberal thought and sought refuge in more conventionally theological New York it went down after a few years' struggle in 1869.

The strange blight seemed to rest upon magazines of the entire period. Only two lived to grow up—the *Knickerbocker* and the *Democratic Review,* which weathered from 1838 to 1852. Not only did very promising native infants peak and die, but older children

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who had been fairly hardy at home lost their individuality when they were taken to New York and attempted to acquire metropolitan dash and vim—which, after all, failed to harden them sufficiently to thrive on a starvation diet, Perhaps it was in some cases a rush of Bohemianism to the head; perhaps in others cockneyism produced a galloping consumption. Perhaps, as Poe thought with Arcturus, it was Spectatorism and dry-rot. But Samuel Osgood thought he was pronouncing a high eulogy upon Duyckinck when he said that that editor clung closely to the old English standards of culture and went stoutly for a New York school that should be a full match at least for the rising New England literature: he meant *Arcturus* to be the bright and particular star of New York culture, and New York culture was Irving with his modified Addison. From 1815 to the beginning of the *Knickerbocker* in 1832 there were at least thirty New York magazines, not one of which even for a short while flourished. "For years before we started," said that magazine in 1833, "New York had no periodical of any kind. Now we have four, not to mention others in embryo or rumour." But the second crop was like the first—they all withered, with these two exceptions, in metropolitan soil. And Philadelphia, with neither Bohemia nor provinces, kept chuckling to herself.

THE STORY OF HUGO'S DAUGHTER

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

EVEN amid the genial vulgarity of an age when no one who has acquired fame has any privacy which the press is bound to respect, some tragedy will play itself out in silence and deep obscurity—some tragedy connected with a famous name. This is what happened to Victor Hugo's daughter, known as Adele Hugo, who died recently in a sanitarium near Paris. A woman rich, the daughter of a great writer whose fame is world-wide, a woman whose life held one romance sufficiently sensational to furnish a subject for press and fiction, this woman's true story will never be told and she is now dead, leaving behind her a mystery and a life spent in darkness atoning for—for what? for her own sin or that of others? This is what the world will never know—and the fact itself is perhaps the strangest part of all the strange story.

Adele Hugo—her other name, the name won by a marriage which to her and to the laws of her husband's country was a legal marriage—even this name has been lost, as lost as is the story of those years that robbed a young woman in her blooming prime of sanity and left her a useless thing for the rest of her days. Adele Hugo was the second daughter and the fourth child of the great French poet and novelist. The circumstances of her birth were unusual, presaging possibly the storm that later raged about her, ravaging her life. In a letter to Charles Nodier, written July 28, 1830, Victor Hugo announces Adele's birth—"in the midst of the social revolution with the bullets shattering the very roof over our heads.

"I am delighted with my little daughter," the poet continues. "Here at least is a work of mine which has a prospect of life."

These last words were called forth by the disappointments attending on the intrigues and cabals which prevented the full success of *Hernani* at its first performances. But in all the poet's letters, telling so freely his joy in his children, there is none where he allows himself such delight in the sense of immortality fatherhood brings. Strange

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that just this child should have brought the thought so keenly to his mind!

Then we hear little more of Adele, until, when she must have been a young woman of nineteen, her father writes to her from Guernsey, she herself being absent on a visit to London with her mother.

> We, too, have a first-rate concert, gratis, of waves, of breezes, of birds. Beethoven is the only music I could listen to after what I have here. I hope, dear child, that you too will get to like it some day, and that with your fine feeling for melody and harmony you will not always be insensible to the great symphony of God.

This letter reveals much. It reveals a girl who chafed under the solitude of country life, whose eyes were not open to the symphony of Nature's orchestra, who craved human companionship, the pulsing life and many distractions of cities. It explains much, both of the discontent which led to Adele's marriage and of the quality of mind which would break down utterly under trouble. We know that she was musical, having even a gift for composition. But it has been said that music is the one art which does not necessarily imply a high order of mentality or of moral nature in those so gifted.

Adele Hugo was of age when she married the English army officer with whom she left her father's home. But under the French law no woman can be legally married without her parents' consent, and for some reason Victor Hugo seems to have refused his consent to this marriage. He may have been able to understand the character of the man better than did the girl who fell in love with him. For however shrouded in mystery the years of Adele's marriage have been, it seems to be clear that it was her husband's conduct that drove her into the misery which resulted in hopeless insanity. She went first to India with her husband, bearing in her father's eyes and in the eyes of all her French relatives and friends the stigma of a woman who lives openly in illegal relations with the man of her choice. In this respect the husband, bad as he may be, is free of all blame. Adele was his wife by the law of his country, all the law he was bound to recognise. As to what happened afterward, nothing definite is known except that sometime later, many years or possibly only a few, a woman was found somewhere, in rags, in unwholesome surroundings, degraded, sodden, who could not tell her name or what she was doing there, but who knew only that she was the daughter of Victor Hugo. The greater part of the unverified rumours claim that this discovery took place in Singapore after years of interior posts in some forsaken neighbourhood which drove the husband to voluntary death, and left his wife to chance fortune. What this fortune was will never be known. Just what this delicately nurtured girl, brought up amid luxury, surrounded during childhood and youth by the flower of Europe's intellectual world, had to endure until merciful insanity dulled her power of suffering will always remain a sealed book. It would be a story well worth a pen as powerful as was her father's could it be written. One cannot help wondering what Victor Hugo himself might have made of it.

But Victor Hugo was not the modern *décadent* who makes copy of the broken souls of those dear to him. When his daughter was found he brought her home and shut her away amid every comfort that could be given one in her condition, shut her away from prying eyes and demanded that the world which acclaimed him among its greatest should allow him to suffer this trial in merciful silence. And the world of his time, being some fifty or sixty years younger than ours, granted his prayer. Adele Hugo—as she was always called in France, lived in quiet seclusion, surrounded by luxury but dead to all that life can mean—dead even to the memory of those terrible years that had made her what she was. An interesting human document, this story of a story untold, happening to a child of one of the world's greatest story-tellers.

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WHAT SOUTH AMERICANS READ

I—A Panorama of Poets, Critics and Culture

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

Not the least important effect of our increased trade relations with South America will be a correspondingly increased interest in the continent's intellectual past and present. For if it be true that man cannot live by bread alone, neither can the highest type of international relations be developed through trade alone. Both the field of trade and the field of intellectual activity in this case are practically new to us of the United States whom the South Americans call the "Americans of the North." By them the term "American" is used to apply to themselves, and this is but one of the many external signs of a deep pride of race and tradition that forms one of the dominant traits of all that they say, write or do.

Considered as a continent, the intellectual past of the South American nations is intimately bound up with the culture of those European countries whose offspring they are. Argentine and Chile, for instance, thus learned their letters from Spain, while that most progressive of republics, Brazil, took its first lessons from Portugal. Later history shows the effects not only of the internecine conflicts which raged in the new-world colonies, but also of the various literary movements that swept over Europe and crossed the sea both north and south of Mexico. Romanticism, realism, naturalism and their by-products have all had their day in South America and have left their impress upon the various literatures.

But just as in politics and national life the countries of the continent ceased to be merely colonies of the parent nations across the sea, so too a literary self-consciousness arose,—a nationalism, it is true, which could not by mere decree at once sever the bonds of tongue and thought, but which constituted, nevertheless, a spiritual declaration of independence. As a result, the Spanish and Portuguese of South American literature is more fluid than that of the academic minds abroad. Of South American Spanish it has been said that it is a "Castilian plain, rejuvenated by Parisian flowers; an idiom that preserves of Cervantes only what Flaubert permits." Despite the freedom taken with the language, which has roused the ire of purists, the essential spirit of the tongue and its grammar are retained. Along with this independence in matters of speech has come an increased interest in social questions, advancing even to the point of socialism. The great authors of the world serve as the models, thus destroying a cult of mediocrity which at one time threatened to sterilise the young talents of the republics. Finally, as a proof that the patriotism of the South American litterateurs is something more than nationalism run wild, while they employ national topics, they are careful to profit by the best examples of European literary art.

When we survey the accomplishments of the South Americans, and remember that before they could afford to give any attention to the cultural side of life they had to conquer a free land and practically organise society, their showing is all the more remarkable. Despite the educational systems of the various divisions, illiteracy is still a matter of concern, mounting in Chile to as high as seventy-five to eighty per cent. And yet we find in these countries men and women of the highest type of versatility, the equal of our own intellectual products. It is the rule, one might almost

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say, rather than the exception, to find that a South American litterateur is at once novelist, poet, editor, statesman, educator, and even playwright.

Perhaps this astonishing fertility, strange as it may seem, is an effect of the illiteracy. As is elsewhere suggested, in a country where so many are unlettered, the few who receive a higher education must attend to all the functions with which such an education alone can cope. There must be politics, there must be a press, there must be writers—and the favoured few, if these important departments are to be taken care of, must turn their eyes to all of them. The intellectual fertility of the Spanish writer, as typified in the great Lope de Vega with his fifteen hundred plays, is but an old-world prototype of new-world conditions.

As in popular acquaintance, so in literary preëminence, the so-called "A B C" nations (Argentine, Brazil and Chile) stand as the best representatives of South America.

"All our poets," writes Juan María Gutiérrez, introducing a collection of Argentine writers, "have respected religiously the conventions of decency and morality, and each of them has been able to write at the head of his productions these words from a seer of antiquity: 'Priest of the muses, I sing for the souls of the innocent and the pure.'" The Argentine poets, like the other South Americans, were educated mainly for the forum, for the legislative assembly and for foreign embassies; this training is revealed in their work. It is not surprising on that account to find them always affiliated with the political life of the nations.

It has been the boast that Spain's epic muse was an "American Amazon," for Ercilla's *Araucana* was written as the result of the poets' experiences while serving against the Araucanians in Chile. The great South American epic *The Atlándida,* by Olegario Andrade, is the work of an Argentine, born in Uruguay. The verses, dedicated to the future of the Latin race in America, were "poured in the mould of the Andes, the Amazon and the Plata," and reveal a patriotism that has found many an echo in the lyre of the author's compatriots.

After all, the claim of decency is but a negative virtue for any poet. Happily, Argentine's roll of honour can show names that possess more positive qualities. Patriotic and religious verse abounds; much of the former is good, but most of it can inspire only the countrymen for whom it was written. The beginning of Payró's *Mother and Daughter* is characteristic; it is in dialogue form:

—Your name is Argentine?
Argentine.
—What is your mother's name?
Glory!
—Your race?
My race was divine.
—Who revealed it to you?
The Muse of History.

Andrade himself, in his epic, which has the uncommon virtue of being short, has sung:

It is the Latin race, destined
To make history,
To embrace all space
And carry off victory as its slave!

So, too, chants Guido y Spano, in his noble octaves entitled "Forward!"

Ho, boys! It is the dawn! Up!
Take the axe and the hammer, and come;
If we work with the persistence of yesterday,
We shall yet fell the mountain.

The softer note, naturally, is present in Argentine poetry. With characteristic Spanish delicacy, the writers are apt at that cameo type of verse which presents a striking analogy in a brief, sparkling fashion. Space permits but a few examples. The first is from Rafael Obligado:

A THOUGHT

A white ray of the moon
One night in summer
Came down to bathe itself in a dewdrop—
A trembling cradle which it found in a flower.

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Thus in hours of happiness and calm,
And in sweet delirium,
There is in my soul a drop of thine own
In which my thought is laved.

Another, "What Is Love?" comes from the patriotic poet Bartolomé Mitre:

Daughter mine, love is a mirror,
In which the coquette seeks her reflection,
Full of vanity.

* * * * *

Too, it is an abyss, in which the hand
Reaches in vain for a hold, to rise,
And the feet slip back,
Like to the careless innocent
Who bathes at the fount and contemplates her beauty
Until she drowns.

One of the best of the moderns is Martin García Mérou (Merola),* who writes with a broad inspiration and a fine taste. While, together with many of the younger poets, his nature is essentially religious and reflective, his forms are varied and pliant. As representative of his country in Brazil, he had abundant opportunity to study that country, and his observations are summed up in a delightful book, *Intellectual Brazil*. This is but one of some fifteen volumes covering poetry, sociology, history, literature and travels.

No less interesting is the much younger poet, Ricardo Rojas, born 1882. He has interpreted his own poetry in the preface of his *Victory of Man*. He proclaims himself a man of the century. "I have accepted my solidarity with the times," he writes, "and I seek my inspiration in its broadest ideals. This poem was formed in the very entrails of modern thought." Among the best known of Rojas's verses is a splendid collection of sonnets. Here, too, we find the religious spirit strong, but it is all poetry before it is religion. The sonnet "Man" is a fair example of the poet's powers. The translations here given, in general, can, of course, serve only to transmit the thought of the writer; not even an English poetic version could hope to transfer the melody of the Spanish:

A secret voice calls him to the future,
And, at the impulse of its sovereign breath,
Seeking light for human sorrows,
His thoughts rise upward to the light.

To-day, visionary of the ideal, he renews
His forward march to the far-off future,
With presentiments, in the secret night,
Of the august glory of a new life.

Eternal pilgrim of to-morrow,
He will sail into the obscure unknown
That is pregnant with redeeming visions—

He will see afar in the deep seas,
Arising from the West, new worlds,
And from the eastern azure, new dawns!

It is of a significance far more than simply poetic that the South American poets never tire of chanting the glories of new dawns and new worlds.

The sonnet form is more common in the countries of the southern continent than it is among our own writers. Perhaps from this greater practice their poets have acquired such facility in the seemingly limited scope of its fourteen lines that they can express a wider range of ideas without the sense of stiffness that overcomes us at the reading of so much of our home product. Sonnets are part of the apprenticeship of the South American poet. Hence at every turn we are met with invocations to Liberty, Man, God, the Past, the Present, the Future. The aspirations of a world in the making breathe in every line.

Such names as Leopoldo Diaz, Diego Fernandez Espiro, Leopoldo Lugones, Rojas and Merola stand for a host of other poets, of whom that greatest of tyrants, lack of space, forbids mention. In general, it might be said, however, that the best South American poets come (with few exceptions) from Brazil, while the best of the Spanish-Americans, who is bound sooner or later to be bet-

*Mérou, up to a short time before his death, was Minister of the Argentine Republic in Washington.

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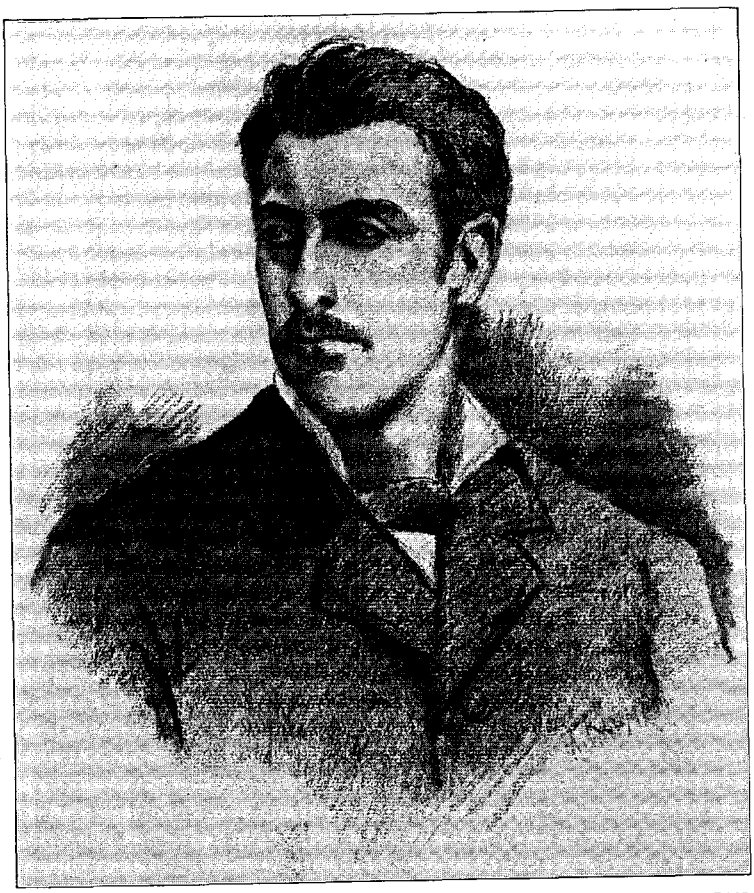

MARTIN GARCIA MÉROU, ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MODERN SOUTH AMERICAN POETS. FROM A CHARCOAL SKETCH BY A. RODMAN.

ter known in this country, is Rubén Darío, a Nicaraguan. The latter, indeed, has been called the greatest modern poet which non-English America has produced.

Argentine, with its mixed population and the necessity under which it labours of westernising a large number of extraneous elements, has had a most difficult educational problem upon its hands. The views of C. O. Bunge on this point stand as an earnest of what the country will eventually achieve. The highest purpose of education, he claims, is to suggest ideals. First in this capacity stands the home and the mother. "A Blanche de Castile formed a St. Louis, King of France; a Lady Byron spells the ruin of a Lord Byron. . . ." And the North American, as he ponders these lines, thinks of a certain obscure Nancy Hanks. "The school," adds Bunge, "is a second mother. It is a concomitant influence with that of the home."

The Argentine statesmen, critics and professors are not enough different from those of the more interesting country, Brazil, to warrant any special attention in a paper of this nature. What will be said of the latter applies in general to the former. That there are dominant personalities, powerful minds and clear exponents of law, science and art goes without saying; but, on the whole, Argentine's poetic and bellettristic activ-

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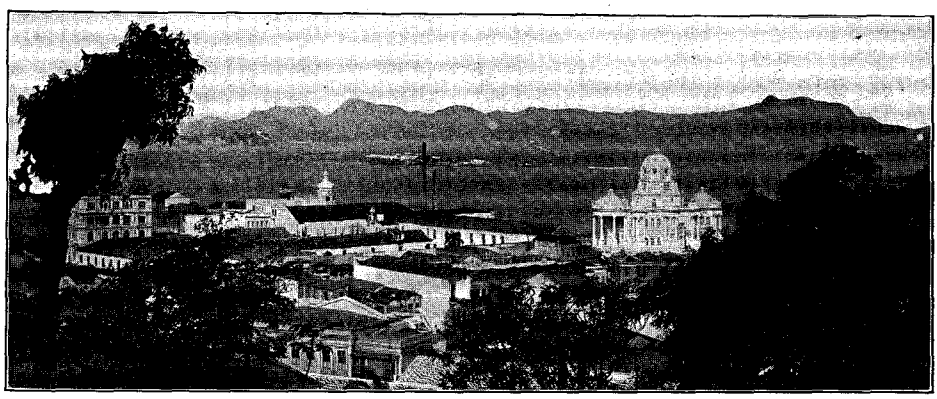

THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO

ity is more a promise than a fulfilment. To paraphrase: A country must make its *Iliad* before it can write it. Only lately has the superior intellectual development of the great Portuguese Republic attracted its southern brothers.

Brazil is undoubtedly the leader in South American cultural life. Its career as a nation presents interesting parallels with that of our own United States of America. Its extent, its history, its slavery troubles (put to an end by the abolition of servitude some thirty years ago), its progressive spirit in literature and education—all justify the compliment implied in the comparison. For a long time the fact that the language of Brazil is Portuguese has militated against the spread of its letters. But if it is Portuguese in language, Brazil, in the words of one of its contemporary lights, is "independent in literature as in politics," following its own chosen path. The nation's broad development and full literary activity is all the more remarkable when we recall its leading literary historian's aphorism. "Intellectual effort in Brazil," says Silvio Romero, "is torture; on this account we produce little; we grow old before our time, and we die early. Brazil, more than any other regimen, needs dietary laws. The Brazilian is an ill-balanced creature, wounded in the very marrow of his life; he is more given to complaint than to invention, to contemplation rather than thought (what a useful distinction!); he is more lyric and rather a friend to dreams and resounding words than to scientific ideas." Following this candid discussion of the effects of the Brazilian climate, Romero continues, not without injustice: "We have neither philosophy, science, nor the great impersonal poetry of a Shakespeare or a Goethe; we are garrulous, on one side the mysticism of the fanatic, and on the other the futile divagations of an easy, bootless impiety." If these sentiments, while true in the letter, are, nevertheless, wrong in their implications, they reveal a frankness of expression and a lucidity of style that is not at all common in contemporary Brazil.

Brazilian poetry excels in its brooding melancholy—in what Romero has been pleased to call contemplation as distinguished from thought. This is a spiritual inheritance from the Portuguese. It is wider in range than that of Argentine or Chile, and more intimate in effect. To us of the North, the patriotic and religious poetry is less strong in its appeal. The contemplative type, then, shall furnish most of our present examples—a type which in Spanish or Portuguese hands easily descends to the sententious. Yet the Brazilians, despite Romero, have made of their melancholy an art, and have transmitted moods into words with uncommon skill.

The best of the modern poets are

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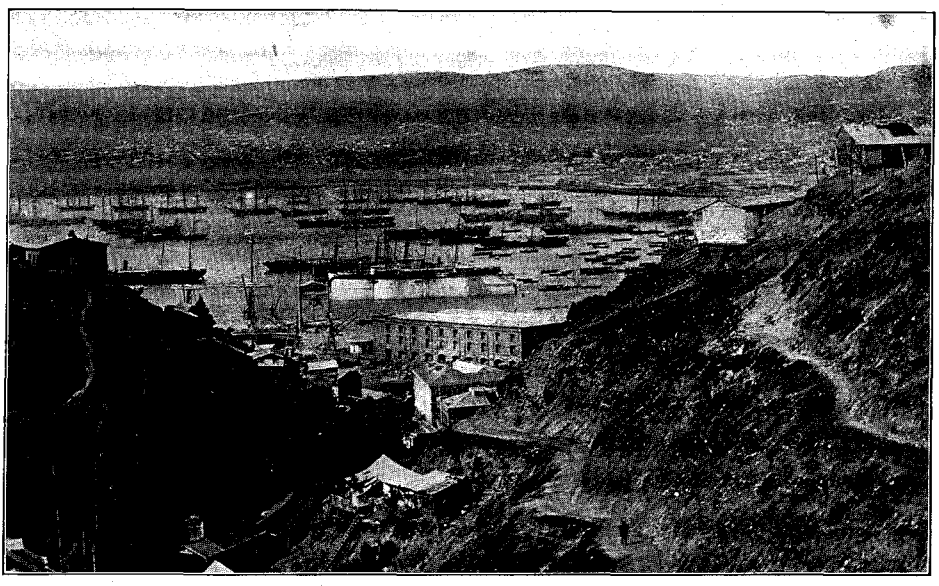

THE HARBOUR OF VALPARAISO

Machado de Assis (prominent in the life of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, to which reference will presently be made), Olavo Bilac, Raymundo de Corrêa and Augusto de Lima—to choose a handful from the many claimants. Machado de Assis, poet, novelist and one of the leading literary lights of Brazil, died some seven years ago, yet as a moving spirit among the contemporary writers he still lives, and in every literary sense of the word is alive. He was continuously re-elected to the presidency of the Brazilian Academy; his writings cover a wide range of subjects and everywhere reveal the man behind the word.

The poem entitled "Vicious Circle" illustrates a striking phase of his art and his "contemplation":

A firefly, hovering in the air, kept complaining, "How I should wish to be that star up above, twinkling in the eternal azure!"

And the star, gazing at the moon, thought enviously, "How I wish I were like the planet whose transparent blue light bathes softly the Greek column or the Gothic window—whom the beautiful woman gazes upon as she sighs!"

And the moon, staring at the sun, said to herself, bitterly, "How unhappy I am! How I wish that I had that immense immortal refulgence in which all light is contained!"

But the sun, inclining its resplendent crown, sighed in its turn, "This brilliant aureole weighs heavily upon me. It burdens me, this immense starry dome. Alas! Why was I not born a simple firefly?"

For a poem of the sort, thought and form could not better be fused into an artistic whole.

Olavo Bilac, born at Rio de Janeiro in 1865, studied both law and medicine as his career, yet Brazil has received him as the prince of her poets. His masterpiece is a series of sonnets entitled the "Milky Way." Bilac, both in appearance and in accomplishment, is the true artist, and his prose is no less melodious than his verse. He unites facility and grace to a delicate yet purposeful imagery. The selection with which he is here represented shows him in a mood that rushes across the mental vision like the chill of a withering wind from the pampas. Despite its title—"Accursed Be!"—and its volcanic invective, it is

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MIGUEL LUIS ROCUANT

lyric poesy of a stimulating and novel nature:

If in this obscure cave, for twenty years, I have let my malediction slumber, to-day, old and weary with its bitterness, my soul will burst like a volcano;

And in a torrent of anger and fury a score of years of agony and torture will boil over upon your head—twenty years of silence and solitude!

Accursed be for the Lost Ideal! For the ill you did me without wishing it! For the love which dies before it blossoms!

For the hours lived without pleasure! For the sadness which I had to suffer, and for the splendour of the dream which I had to abandon!

Of Bilac, Mérou, in his *Intellectual Brazil,* speaks in the most glowing terms. "The distinction of his phrase," he writes, "the beauty of his thoughts, his exuberant imagination, his inexhaustible fertility, his keen, wide-awake spirit, make of this writer one of the most interesting examples of his nervous, impressionable race, vibrating to all the winds of passion or phantasy. . . . If he wrote in French, one would relate some of his poems to Leconte de Lisle or to Herédia. Like the first, his muse seeks historic themes; it penetrates into the mysteries of India or depicts Grecian scenes."

Raymundo Corrêa (1860-1911) is the author of perhaps the most popular poem in modern Brazilian letters. He has been compared by his great contemporary, Verissimo (a power that would adorn the letters of any modern European country) to Sully-Prudhomme. At bottom Corrêa is a thinker and a philosopher. A reading of his verses leaves the impression of deep sadness—an impression that is well symbolised in "The Doves," alluded to above:

Already awake, the first dove flies away. Another follows, and still another. . . . Finally, in groups, the doves leave their cote as soon as the fresh dawn throws its first roseate beam.

And toward evening, when the bitter north wind begins to blow, they return in joyous flocks, serene, waving their wings, shaking their plumes.

Even so from our hearts, when they are born, our dreams, one by one, wing swiftly away, like the doves leaving their cote.

Taking their flight in the azure of youth,

JOSÉ VERISSIMO, BRAZILIAN CRITIC

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they flee. But the doves return to their cote, while our dreams, once they have deserted our hearts, return nevermore.

One more selection, from Augusto de Lima, shall serve to show that perfection of form and content which is characteristic of the young Brazilian school. De Lima has been prominent in public life, and has won, besides his poetic laurels, a reputation as a philosopher and a man of erudition.

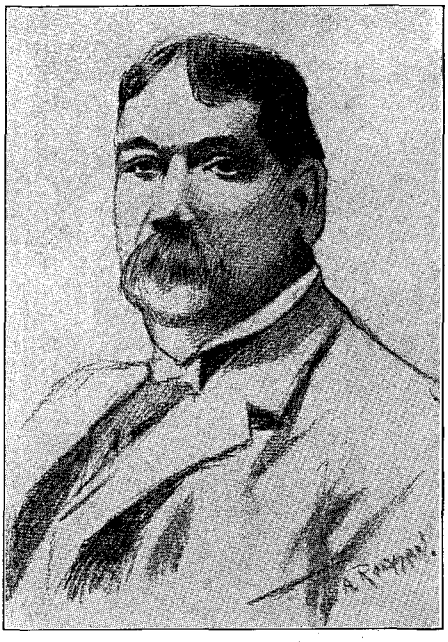
PANTHEIST NOSTALGIA

One day, questioning the pearly depths of a shell which I brought to my ear, I heard a far-off sound, which resembled a faint moan surcharged with regret.

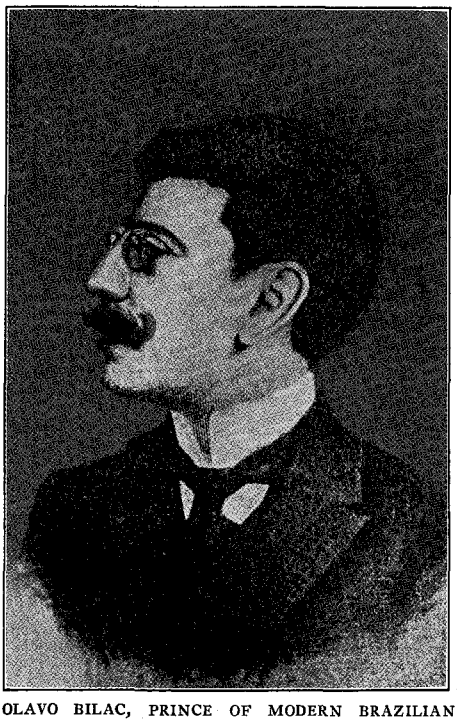
I listened for a long time to that sad sound; it is the music of the waves, the echo which the shell kept, for an indefinite time, of the sea-solitudes that it inhabited formerly.

Man, exiled shell, thou wilt hear in thyself a similar plaint, if, lending an attentive ear, thou goest down into the farthest depths of thy thought.

That human lamentation—that is the homesick regret for a former existence, for a far-off fatherland—the ocean of man's concentric unity.



OLIVEIRA LIMA, BRAZILIAN PUBLICIST



OLAVO BILAC, PRINCE OF MODERN BRAZILIAN POETS

As types of the Brazilian critic, man of world-affairs and general standard-bearers of culture, two personalities shall have to suffice where a noble roll might easily be inscribed: José Verissimo and Oliveira Lima. José Verissimo, in the words of Lima, is "without contradiction the first, the most competent and the most complete of the contemporary Brazilian critics. In a country where criticism is generally indulgent and eulogy an easy matter, the independence of views and the sincerity of opinions which he reveals have provoked great resentment, and have made him many enemies, even causing attacks. And he has confessed that at times he lacked the courage to say all that he felt."

Verissimo's vast learning has covered the field of journalism, education, litera-

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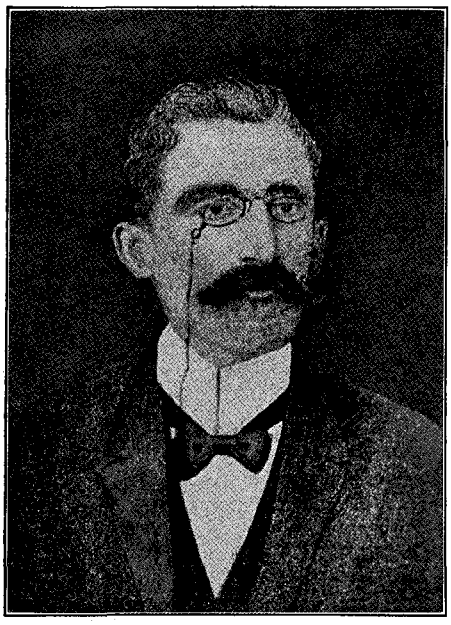
ture, travels, politics, public service, history and geography. He is an intellectual Titan of the new world. His *Scenes from Amazon Life* have been compared to the exotic pages of Pierre Loti. In common with other leading men of the republic, he is opposed to interference on the part of our "great republic of the North." In laying the corner-stone of a high literary, artistic and scientific culture, his ideal "in this regard would be—and I hope none will take it amiss—not the United States of America, but rather France." Verissimo's reason for this is that he discerns in the French a certain spiritual character which is absent in our part of America.

Verissimo complains of the inability of the Brazilian man of letters to live by his pen—a complaint whose echo has a strangely familiar sound to North-American ears. ". . . In literature, as in science, the mere amateur, as a general rule, is a worthless, pernicious influence. It is the profession alone which makes great literary or scientific personality, by continuous work, by constant and unceasing study." A similar plaint, at a different angle, comes from Joaquin Nabuco: "The *trade* of a writer is worthy of all pity. He can make a living only by writing, and to write for a living is to destroy your talent." It might be remarked, in passing, that Nabuco, known for his poetry, oratory and political activity, earned during his life the esteem of no less an authority than Emile Faguet.



AUGUSTO DE LIMA

Oliveira Lima has had a varied career at home, in the United States (where he gave lectures on Brazilian literature to various universities only three years ago) and abroad. Historian, man of letters, critic, journalist, he has represented his country in Peru, Venezuela, Sweden and Belgium. As a historian and publicist he is noted for his exactitude and impartiality, for vigour of observation and reflection. He is a power that exerts profound influence in his native country.

Verissimo has said of Lima: "The books which Oliveira Lima has published assure him an uncommon position in Brazilian literature, if not for a perfect correctness of form, at least for his qualities of learning and thought. He may not be a stylist, but he is a writer. . . . His conception of the literary profession is that it carries in it certain responsibilities to culture and civilisation, of which letters should be the austere servants rather than the frivolous adornment."

Both Lima and Verissimo are members of the Brazilian Academy of Letters. This institution was founded on the 20th of July, 1897, through the efforts of Lucio de Mendoça and a group of friends. Machado de Assis was elected the first president, a position with which he was honoured time and again until his death. In the words of Nabuco, secretary-general of the academy when it was inaugurated: "The formation of the Academy of Letters is an affirmation that in literature, as well as in politics, we are a nation with an independent destiny, a distinct character which can be led only by itself, through developing its originality from its own

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resources, wishing and aspiring only to that glory which can derive from its own genius."

The number of members was fixed at forty, of which at least twenty-five must reside at Rio; the foreign correspondents number twenty. Among the better known of the latter are Theophile Braga (Portugal), Jean Finot (France), José Echegaray (Spain), Henry Sienkiewicz (Poland) and Guglielmo Ferrero (Italy). The academy has an annual subsidy of twenty *contos de reis* (about six thousand five hundred dollars) from the state; it has franking privileges; it is the body to judge all plays submitted for the national theatre; it publishes, quarterly, since 1910, a Review, which contains numerous documents of literary and historic interest. Ruy Barbosa, famous as journalist, philologist, publicist and authority on education, was elected to the presidency at the death of de Assis.

LEONARDO ELIZ, CHILEAN POET

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA, CHILEAN POET

The literature of Chile, says Pedro Nolasco Cruz, is still young, poor in truly original and fecund minds. It tends toward erudition and imitation. The national authors try hard to appear illustrious and of broad learning—to be good imitators of some famous writer, rather than to show their own personalities in a simple manner. In similar fashion, Pedro Pablo Figueroa, himself one of the best of the Chilean men of letters, says of his nation's position: "Never was our literature an element of life and professional labour, but rather a manifestation of art and science, which arose from the depths of characters anxious for the country's brilliant progress."

Chile is best in her historical works; yet even here, of all the volumes issued, some half dozen alone have tried to harness erudition in a work that shall have in it something of the artistic. The younger generation, however, are turning their attention more and more to *belles lettres*. Thus in poets like Silva, Rocuant, Eliz, Contreras and Gonzales, Chile can show names that compare well with Argentine and Brazil.

Victor Domingo Silva is the singer of progress. His is a socialistic spirit, but of universal inspiration. He sings

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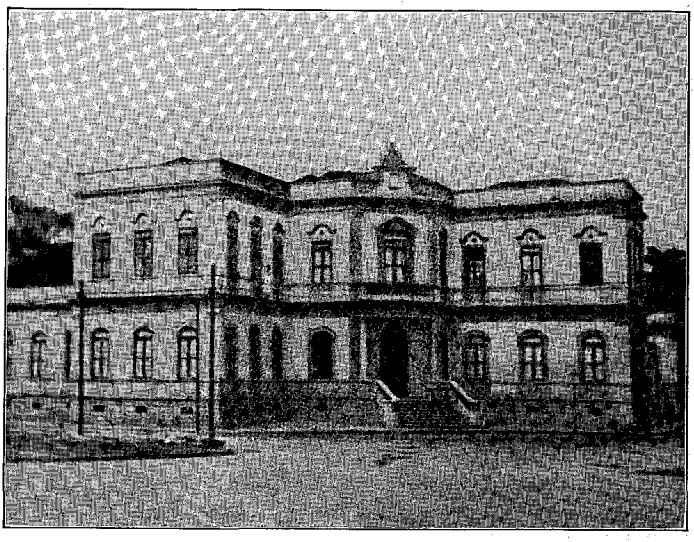

THE BRAZILIAN ACADEMY OF LETTERS. FOUNDED 1897

the man, the city, the upsurging multitude, world-wide justice. His muse can be gentle and ferocious, according to the subject he chants; yet it is ever melodious, "vibrating with the love of the redeemer." In his masterpiece, "El Derrotero," in which he portrays the explorers of the desert, he symbolises, too, the unspeakable sorrows of him who follows the infinite ideal of life. "The agony of the explorer conquered by the inclemency of the climate, by horrible thirst, contemplating across the clouds that obscure his vision, on the sandy horizon, a seductive mirage, represents the final delirium of the poet, who succumbs, surrounded by the fantastic visions of his illusions." Silva has been successful as a playwright.

Miguel Luis Rocuant has been highly praised by Max Nordau. "You fly through noble heights," he wrote to the poet, "and express uncommon sentiments in admirable language." The author of *Degeneration* sees in Rocuant the influence of De Musset, quite a bit of Byron, a touch of Hugo, and even of the French symbolists and Parnassiens. "But if you are inspired by masters," he adds, "you imitate no one, and that is your great merit."

Leonardo Eliz is a copious poet, singer of nature. He is of no definite school, and, in the words of a native critic, is without model or master, singing like the bird in the wood an untaught song. Federico Gonzales is one of the most original of the younger Chilean poets. His first book of poems, published in 1899, when the author was still but a young boy, contained the sonnet "Christ," which has been declared worthy of Hugo. Gonzales has done his work apart from the social whirl, leading a retired life. Much of his best work, however, breathes an ardent love of country. His lyre is not tuned to love and its disillusionment, but rather to the sturdy strains of life's sterner aspects.

Francisco Contreras, in the preface to his poem "Raúl," comments interestingly on the modern style:

> Snobbism, complication, the so-called modern style, is a result of modern social conditions, since every mode is no more nor less than an effect of the surroundings. . . . Will you tell me that the property of talent is to react against the social medium, as if against atavism? In art, I reply, the greater number of times, no; for if it is possible in the lyric, it is certainly inadmissible in the serious novel. Moreover, a literature which does not reflect its own environment thus becomes ideological, an artificial product, false, lacking interest. Would it not appear ridiculous to have an eclogue-art in refined Byzantium, or a decadent art in the robust Age of Pericles?

One of Contreras's best shorter poems is here given:

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THIS IS MY OFFERING!

I'll give you, so that you remember
My rosy dreams, a snake with green scales,
Scales as green as your eyes.

* * * * *

This is my offering! And if it does not
please you, and even frightens you, my
soul will ever be wreathed in smiles.
For your pupils and your hair, your hair of
fiery sparkle—
These are the snares and the snake. . . .

Chile, with all respect to the numerous men of letters (outside of poetry and the novel) which it has produced, is behind Brazil in this respect, and need not detain us in a paper of this kind.

There remains to speak of two poets, José Chocano (Peru) and Rubén Darío (Nicaragua). The latter, Central American from a geographical point of view, is South American in influence. Chocano, born 1867, has been called the greatest since Andrade for the colour and brilliance of his epic strophes—"a flame made into a banner." His national feeling is strong, and some of his lines may be interpreted as a "Hands Off!" to the North Americans. In his *Epic of the Pacific* occur four ominous verses:

And thus on the day when people of another
race
Will dare to explore our lands, they will
cry with horror,
For the miasma, fever, reptiles and morasses
Will bury them in the earth beneath the fire
of the sun!

A similar note may be found in Darío, to whom has been given first place of the Latin-American poets. His apostrophe to Roosevelt, in free verse, merits almost full quotation, both for its intrinsic worth and its significance to our country:

With the voice of the Bible, or with the verse
of Walt Whitman,
Should one approach thee, O Hunter!
Primitive, yet modern, simple, yet purposeful,
With a touch of Washington and much of
Nimrod.
Thou art the United States,
Thou the future invader
Of that ingenuous America with native blood
Which still prays to Jesus and speaks
Castilian.

Thou thinkest life a conflagration,
Progress an explosion;
Where shoots the bullet,
There seest thou the future.
No.
The United States are great and powerful.
When they tremble there is a deep rumbling,
Which shatters along the vertebræ of the
Andes.
. . . The stars are yours. . . .
Your people are rich, and join
To the cult of Hercules the cult of Mammon.
And Liberty, lighting the way of easy
conquest,
Lifts its torch from the harbour of New
York.

* * * * *

Beware! Long live Spanish America!
There are a thousand cubs of the Spanish
lion,
And if thou wouldst hold us in your iron
claws,
Thou needs, O Roosevelt, be God himself,
The terrible Marksman, the strong Hunter!

And since thou countest all, one thing alone
Is lacking. That is God!

Darío's verses have been called Wagnerian music. The above is a good example of what is meant by such a characterisation.

Perhaps the best indication of South America's literary future may be gleaned from the words of José Gil Fortoul (Venezuela) in giving advice to a young writer: "To arrive at celebrity there are two ways: through one go the timid souls, through the other, the audacious." The first road is flattery. The second road is that of unfearing progress and sincerity. It is the path of genius. "Without asking you to change your tendencies, permit me to express the wish that soon I shall reckon you among the indomitable spirits of the second road!"

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COBB BY VARIOUS HANDS

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AS SEEN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON, JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG AND ORSON LOWELL

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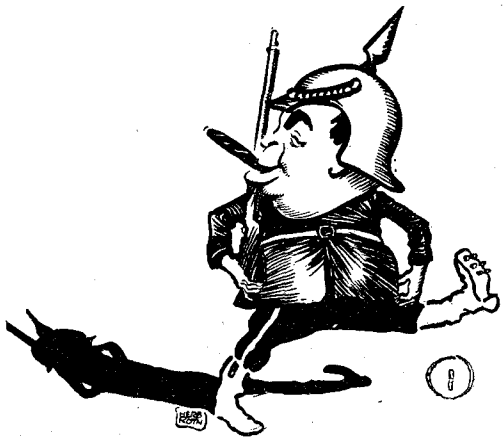
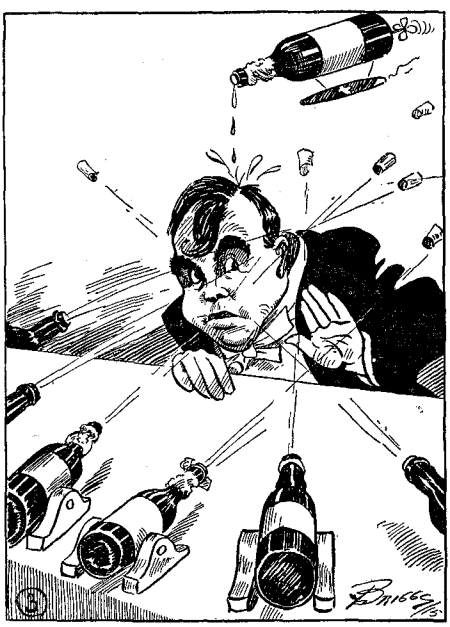
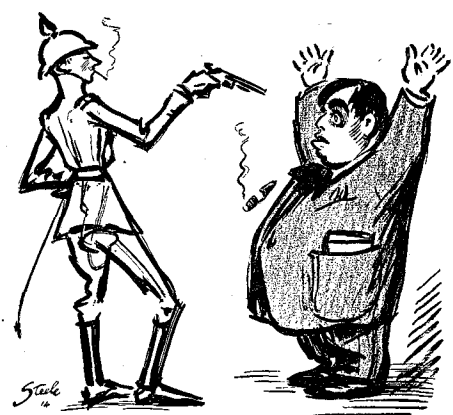


BY HARRISON FISHER



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



"I CAN'T THINK OF ANY REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T SAY I LIKE THE GERMANS BECAUSE I DO LIKE THEM, VERY MUCH!"

AS SEEN BY HERB ROTH, HARRISON FISHER, BRIGGS, AND FREDERIC DORR STEELE

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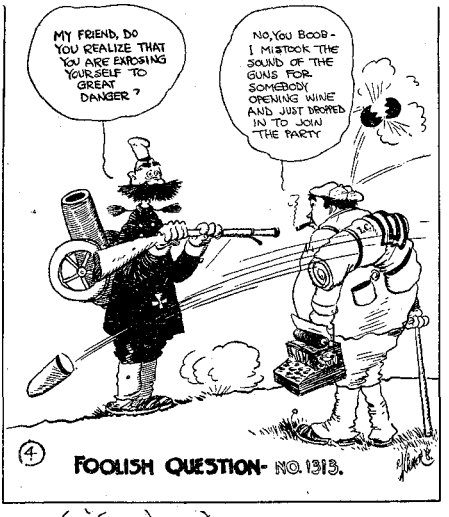
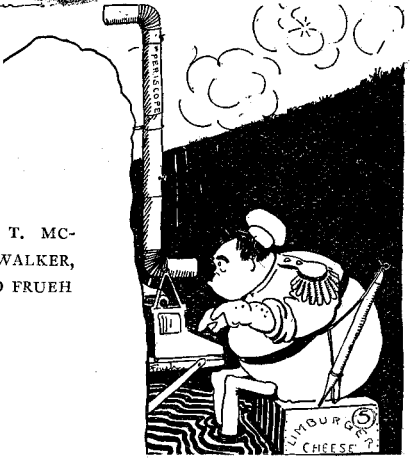
ME UND COBB

BY JOHN T McCUTCHEON





AS SEEN BY CESARE, JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, WILLIAM H. WALKER, R. L. GOLDBERG, AND ALFRED FRUEH

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EDWIN MARKHAM AND HIS GOLDEN SHOWER

BY BAILEY MILLARD

How Moore, with only a bookish knowledge of the Orient, could have written the rare *Lalla Rookh* in a way that made learned men and travellers attest to its historic truth and the perfect accuracy of its scenic passages always has been a literary wonder. But it is safe to assume that Edwin Markham, relating a totally different kind of Oriental story, has repeated this feat of magic in his *Shoes of Happiness,* a long and well-turned ballad, from which his latest collection of verse takes its title.

To study and to know a country and its people well enough to write such a poem as *The Shoes of Happiness* is not accomplished in a week or a month, and besides, it requires a tremendous exercise of the projective sense even where the story is ready to hand, as was the one so delicately and effectively retold by Mr. Markham. The original tale is an old one—that of a sick and unhappy Sultan who was told that if he could find and wear the shirt of a contented man he himself would be hale and happy. But when after a long quest by the Sultan's Grand Vizier the contented man was found and his shirt demanded, he frankly confessed that he had no such garment.

With the genesis of the poem the present writer is well acquainted. Mr. Markham, pleased with the success of his "Juggler," wanted to write another ballad, and was looking for a suitable story. When this one of the shirt of the contented man was suggested to him he remarked: "It's pretty good, but in spite of Tom Hood, I don't see anything very poetic in a shirt. It might as well be a pair of trousers." A few days later, while discussing the same story, he said: "I have it—that shirt is going to be shoes—a good long vowel, easily rhymed word and one that no versifier need despise." So shoes it was.

Then followed a long, laborious period of Oriental research, culminating at last in the ballad as printed in the *Century* and republished in the present book, the first Markhamic volume of verse since *Lincoln and Other Poems* appeared fourteen years ago. To read this poem will be a pleasure to those who like a ballad of a racy, subtle humour, but to hear Mr. Markham read it as he read it to us that night at Hopatcong after he had just finished the last whip-cracking line,

> "Yes, mighty Vizier . . . but I have no shoes."

was a still rarer felicity. To hear the poet roll out, like a stave of rich bass music, the passage in which the great Mahmoud rails at his thirteen leeches, and orders one of them to be beheaded for suggesting that he take a little exercise, was to have gotten something worth while:

> At this Mahmoud, from his aching bed,
> Cried: "Off with the leech and his learned head!
> And the rest of you fade from the eyes of us,
> Over the miles to the Caucasus!
> Out of our realm to a new abode,
> And let it be by the shortest road!"
> And this is why, at the crack of dawn,
> The twelve great doctors got them gone,
> Glad enough that their heads were on.

The rare humour of *The Shoes of Happiness* will come as a surprise to many readers of Mr. Markham, whose verse had seemed "too deep for laughter." But a greater surprise awaits one who turns the pages of this book and for

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the first time reads "Virgilia." It is the revelation of Markham, the lover. Markham, the man, was well known to readers of poetry, and so, too, was Markham, the moralist and upholder of democracy. But as a lover he reveals himself with great tenderness of emotion, both in "Virgilia" and in its sequel, "The Crowning Hour." "Virgilia" came in reply to a question asked by a literary friend, who said:

"Markham, you seem to fight shy of love. Why don't you put a little of it into your verse?"

"I thought I had," was the reply; "but I haven't written a poem of real passion. I don't know that I am capable of so lofty a flight. But perhaps it isn't too late to try."

And so he wrote "Virgilia," born of the sea, "the mother of songs and sorrows," as tender and mournful a song of passion as any of Heine's and as full of *"liebe und liebes weh."* But though "Virgilia" and its sequel tell the tale of broken lives, there is revealed in them both the fine, fragrant faith of the poet:

It will all come back, the wasted splendour,
The heart's lost youth like a breaking flower,
The dauntless dare and the wistful, tender
Touch of the April hour.

In fact, faint hearts will find wonderful encouragement in nearly all the poems in this book. To bruised spirits such verse as "Courage All," "Freedom" and "Earth is Enough" will come as balm. Sickened souls will find the Markhamic tonic almost as potent as that of Browning, while the prescription is written in a more legible hand.

There is nothing Byronic in the methods of Mr. Markham as is evidenced by the decade of patient toil that has made this book. Although urged time and again by publishers that he give them a volume of verse, he always said: "Wait. I am not ready yet." He never "dashed off" but one poem in his life, and that was "Peace Over Africa," for which he received a higher price than for any other. This was written at the cabled request of the editor of the London *Morning Chronicle,* who wanted it for immediate publication in celebration of the conclusion of peace with the Boers. Mr. Markham finished the poem by working all one long night and was rendered ill by the performance. "The Testimony of the Dust," in the new volume, is an example of his ruthless pruning proclivity. There were over thirty quatrains in the original poem, but only five of them—"the poem within the poem," as he terms it—are retained for this publication.

Unlike Tennyson and other bards, who could brook no suggestion as to the improvement of their work, Mr. Markham always urges his literary friends "to say what they honestly think of it." As to critical reviews, he said to the present writer: "I am always glad of any just strictures that may help me see my work as it is." But what is to be said of his verse by way of criticism after the testimony of Robert Underwood Johnson that "A poem by Edwin Markham is a national event"; after Stedman wrote of his rhymes that "they are truly and exquisitely poetic," and after Nordau called him "a great poet—higher than Whitman"?

As to Mr. Markham's selective judgment of his own work, this is exampled in a letter to the writer in which he said, "I agree with you that 'Virgilia' is the high-water mark of my *Shoes of Happiness.*"

Called from his Staten Island home to California in February, Mr. Markham is still in his old State at the present writing. This is his first visit to the land of poppies since he left it in 1899 to take up his residence in the East. He went to San Francisco on the invitation of the managers of the Exposition. His coming was heralded in large type by the Coast papers, and he received a series of ovations on his arrival in the Bay City. Banquet followed banquet and reception followed reception. He was importuned to make many addresses and to give readings from his poetical works.

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Never has the city honoured any of its returning literati as it has honoured the author of "The Man with the Hoe." His tour up and down the Golden State has been a sort of royal progress, and has been immensely profitable to the poet. "Markham has been holding his hat under a golden shower," writes a friend of his from California. "If this sort of thing keeps up we shall witness the entertaining spectacle of a plutocratic poet." From some of the halls and theatres where his lectures and readings have been given hundreds of people have been turned away. At San José and Oakland, in both of which cities he formerly lived, he was treated like a returning hero, and at San Diego and Los Angeles great crowds flocked to do him honour.

Surely, it would seem that the appreciation of poets and poetry, often said to be wanting in these days, is still alive —in the West, at least. From the work of a poet who is so essentially human it is significant that these couplets, contained in his new book, should have been most freely quoted in the Coast papers in the reports of his readings:

OUTWITTED.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

WILL COLOUR MUSIC BECOME AN ART?

BY EDWARD RICE DOYLE

FOLLOWING the recent innovation of the Russian Symphony Society of playing "colour music" synchronously with the orchestration of "Prometheus," by Scriabine, there is bound to arise a diversity of opinion as to the possibility of our enjoying such an art as "colour music." Simply stated, colour music consists of throwing a series of colours of definite hues, tones and tints upon some diaphanous material according to a written score arranged to follow music and to interpret the mood of the music to the eye while the music of sound appeals to the ear.

The device used for this interesting experiment was simple in principle, having a keyboard of fifteen keys, according to the following scale:

C	Red
C sharp	Violet
D	Yellow
D Sharp	Steel
E	Pearl Blue
F	Deep Red
F sharp	Blue
G	Orange
A	Purple
A sharp	Steel (repeated)
B	Pearl Blue (repeated)
C	Red (tint)
C sharp	Violet (tint)
D	Yellow (tint)

(This colour schedule is that arranged by Scriabine, and is purely arbitrary.)

As each key was pressed, the corresponding colour was thrown on the diaphanous material, sometimes in two or more note chords, giving a compound colour, and at other times in unisons of one colour. The colours were produced by tungsten lamps under colour filters. To give animation to the colours the lamps were attached to a belt, moving in an ellipsis under the gauzes, thus constantly changing their positions. This machine, which has been called the "chromola," was the design of Preston S. Millar, of the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York,

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and was built for the rendition of "Prometheus" by the society at one conconcert on March 20th at Carnegie Hall.

Upon first consideration, the mere affirmation that colour can be made to have rhythm and motive as music seems absurd. Yet upon closer examination it is found that both from the purely physical, or scientific, view and from the psychological view, colour music has ample claims as an art medium.

Sound is caused by the vibration of air particles in definite wave motions at definite rates per second. For instance, the note middle C makes two hundred and fifty-six vibrations per second, and its wave motion can be drawn typically for piano, flute or the human voice. The vibrating body, of course, determines the wave form, but the pitch always determines the frequency. Loudness depends on the length of the wave, neither affecting its frequency nor its wave form. We find that colour waves are identical in their physical properties with sound waves, and are especially interesting because of their inter-dependence on each other.

Colour is determined by the number of vibrations set up in the ether particles in space; sound by the number of vibrations set up in the air. Light will travel faster in a vacuum than in an air-filled space; but sound waves cannot be propagated without air or gas molecules. Light and colour waves are propagated transversely, as a ribbon would be vibrated if hung before an electric fan in motion. Sound waves are propagated longitudinally, as if each molecule of air were an elastic ball, and, being struck by the vibrating body, pushed against the next molecule, and bounded back to its original position, repeating the motion without changing its relative position. Colour waves travel as fast as thirty thousand centimetres per second, while sound waves are propagated at about the rate of thirty-three centimetres per second. Colour waves have a far higher frequency than sound waves, running into millions per second, while sound waves seldom run higher than thousands per second.

The problem of colour musicians and colour scientists interested in the new art is how to relate music and colour in such a way that their effects will be really synchronous and not arbitrary. It has come to be recognised that a much wider scale of tones than the fifteen-note keyboard of Scriabine, as used at the Russian Symphony Society's concert, must be made. That is, we must have the range of colours as of pitch on the piano, which has a "tempered" scale. Like music, light has quality, and it will also be necessary to control colour tones. That means a system of tint and shade stops as on an organ. These things have not been devised, but are being worked out by enthusiasts of the new art.

Thus, briefly, we have seen that colour music is materially as possible as "sound" music. The psychological element of colour perception is where the great opposition has been centred. It is granted by practically every psychologist that colour has an important influence on the human emotions, and can cause many influences to work upon one without the individual being conscious of it. In advertising this fact has long been recognised. Then we have the common prejudices that green is envy, scarlet is rage, white is fear, yellow is morbid, and so on. These sympathies and antipathies are partly natural and partly the result of artificial association.

The reason why most persons consider colour music as an impossibility is because our colour sense is not highly developed. That is quite true, and has been the only reason why colour music has never made much headway before. In very primitive countries, the only colour distinctions known are frequently but black, white and red. The others are not named. But despite our lack of development in this direction, the power of colour taste is always present, and if it were not, interior decorating, painting and illumination would be without any foundation whatever. The distinction made in the new appreciation of

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colour is that colour music is mobile colour and has no form. Like music, it is a harmony of tones, tints and hues in unisons, chords, or even in orchestrations. Just why an appreciation of mobile colour cannot be developed, as has been done in static colours, is impossible to understand.

There is one marked distinction between music and colour which is unusually interesting. Colours, when combined equally from the primary hues, produce white—an absolute neutral to the eye. This is not so of sound, until science can resolve sound into primary tones, and by blending them together obtain silence—or neutralisation of waves. This is what occurs in blending the primary colours together, and while sound waves can be made to "gallop" or "throb" where they overcatch each other, it is hard to imagine sound destroying itself.

With these interesting facts of science and psychology before us, there is no reason to believe that colour music will not become a reality at some time in the future. Though the first attempts have not convinced many, yet the impression of the writer on seeing mobile colours on the gauzes was of intense pleasure and interest. Many colour schemes clashed, but beneath all was a subtle, hitherto dormant excitement, such as had only been enjoyed in the theatre when the ballet came out to dance in a series of changing lights operated by the spotlight man. More marked was the vigour of the memory of the colours after the concert. Distinct phases of the colours lingered in the mind, and it was comparatively easy to imagine combinations. Without affecting to be a superman with a well-refined sense of colour, there could be no doubt but that the colours did have an emotional effect other than that of curiosity aroused.

Two results may develop from the study of mobile colour: First, that it will educate the world to a sense of colour harmony it has never known before, and will revolutionise exterior civic decoration and ornament. Our black, sooty factories will be done away with. Laws will be passed to prevent individuals from violating the sense of colour decency. This may sound ludicrous, but the signs have been here for some time, and mobile colour will simply hasten the trend. Secondly, that the theatre will pay even more intensive attention to colour values in working out interpretations of "higher" drama, meaning, of course, symbolic plays. Colour harmony would have been a delight to the Greeks had they had facilities for reproducing it in living masses, and it is only our modern science which thrusts it, like greatness, upon moderns.

* * *

"When the 'Atlantic' Was New" is the title of the next article in Mr. Tassin's series. It is difficult to understand why Emerson and others of the Boston cult deemed a New England magazine well-nigh impossible. Possibly it was because his experience with the "Dial" had showed him that though Bostonians produced literature, they would not buy it. Even the "Atlantic" did not venture forth solely as a literary craft; it first flew the flag of the Anti-Slavery cause. At the beginning of its life and at the end of hers, the "Atlantic" asked Mrs. Stowe to dinner—and thereby hang two tales. "You cannot imagine now the interest excited by the long-expected advent of the magazine," wrote Trowbridge. A new market and good prices excited, certainly, the hungry New England authors. Especially when the second editor introduced the unheard-of plan of paying on acceptance and sometimes even before the article was written.

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MUSHROOM REPUTATIONS

Last month we printed "The Magazine from the Inside," dealing intimately with certain conditions of the periodical world of to-day. Although for obvious reasons the paper had to appear anonymously, the writer's exceptional qualifications for discussing his subject were perfectly apparent to every one who read the article. In "Mushroom Reputations" we present what is, in a way, a companion paper. This article, like the one in our May issue, cannot be signed; but there is no indiscretion in saying that the author occupies one of the most conspicuous editorial positions in the field of American magazine making.

THE magazine game, the magazine business—by whatever unbeautiful name one wishes to designate it—goes through strange processes of reconstruction every so often; and the public is conscious of the muckraking period, the all-fiction period, the dialect period, the personal-experience-article period, the risqué period, and the quest-for-names period. Just now it is the latter phase that happens to concern us. No magazine goes to press without blazoning on its cover the distinguished names of its contributors in letters an inch high. How long it will last no one can tell. But it will not last. That I know. The story's the thing.

The quest for names is evident to the most casual reader; so is the growing mediocrity beneath those names. But there is another side of the shield that is not quite so evident to Mr. Average Reader. I mean the question of the rates that must be paid in order to acquire those brilliant names on the cover, and the spirit of rivalry that exists between the editors of the more popular types of our periodicals. I do not care to speak much of this side of things. What I want to speak of, however, is the lessening, through these purely business manipulations and conditions, of that subtle spiritual relation between editor and contributor which was so big a part of the editorial scheme of things less than ten years ago—in the days of Gilder and Johnson, Walker, McClure and the rest.

Let me say at the beginning that I am an editor. I have been one for a number of years—long enough to note, with a sinking of the heart, the changes that have taken place, and that are still taking place in the magazine world. I have "discovered" innumerable authors. Manuscripts have reached my desk in the ordinary course of the day's mail which it has been a joy—nay, a spiritual experience—to read. I had not known the authors; but I forthwith sent for them, and urged them to higher endeavour, scolded some of them, praised unstintingly many others, and indulged in all those joyous orgies of letter-writing which form such a captivating portion of an editor's workaday life. My rewards were great. I have been an editor long enough to see my early labour bear fruit. I have seen reputations made—and honestly kept; I have seen those who would not work drop by the wayside, failing to heed my solemn editorial warning.

Does this sound egotistical? I hope not. I mean it to be merely a record of my obvious duties as an editor, and the personal element must necessarily enter in. But better than seeing my trees bear fruit has been the experience of having almost all these young writers thank me for the pains I took with them, and acknowledge the justice—though not always at the time—of my criticism. This side of editing has proved stimulating. It has kept me young and enthusiastic; and I confess that the dramatic element of my work has appealed to me. The feeling that many destinies were mine to shape or mar has brought its satisfaction. I never weary of reading manu-

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scripts. I am never bored; though I confess I have been made sorrowful in my contemplation of wasted effort and tragic disappointment.

The higher one soars the greater will be his fall. It is a good thing to learn one's limitations, and profit by the knowledge. The mushroom authors of this hour, flourishing and prosperous now, rejoicing to-day in their brief and futile vogue, are those I pity most. Reputations—sound literary reputations—except in rare cases, are not made over night. I tremble for the writer who, receiving fifteen hundred dollars for the first American serial rights of a short story worth intrinsically—as he must confess to himself—about one hundred dollars, must wake up some morning to the solemn truth, and realise that his moment of rapture was but a moment, after all; that the big stuff of which big authors are made was not in him, and that his little day of triumph is over and done. Alas! there will be many awakenings to-morrow!

Who has brought this state of things about? Who has made the signing of contracts for work still unwritten a possible and common proceeding? Who has made the old dream of writing for the joy of it an old dream indeed? Who has placed a momentary vogue on a high pinnacle, and made it the dangerous hope of the hopeful writer? And who has made money the lure, the great and only *desideratum* of that high-minded young band of novelists and short-story writers who crop up every year, as inevitably as the grass? Where are the ideals of Stevenson and Howells? Where are any ideals? What, in a word, is to become of literature?

Nowadays, in editorial offices it is not, in the wise old way, "Let us get as good a story as possible from Rudyard Kipling"; but "Let us buy a Kipling story"—as one would say, "Let us buy a yard of ribbon." We do not desire so much the heart of a writer as his outward seeming. We want names, not stories. The editors do not thrill over the prospect of a first reading of a famous writer's manuscript, but they rush out like dogs, to struggle over the bone that is thrown into the magazine arena by an author or an agent, and they snarl and haggle, wrestle and tug; and he who has the greatest strength—he who has the greatest amount of money—wins.

We editors must "tie up" authors for a year or two. We must wrangle and quarrel over terms. We must offer much more—not a few hundred dollars more, but a thousand more—than our neighbour down the street; and all in the name of Art! We must have those big names on the cover, or, the authors think, we will go under. Irrespective of merit, without seeing the manuscript, we must arrange for the Smith series for the next twelve months. And we must even agree to take Jones's illustrations, for he, too, is "tied up." It is sometimes done over the telephone, sometimes in a number of interviews with an agent, and sometimes—though not often now—over a luncheon. It is all very commercial, very cold-blooded. It is all very—well, everything but kindly and spiritual. It is as hard as nails; and some one is going to suffer.

How long, one might ask, are those "big names" going to remain big names if this state of things goes on? Henry Sydnor Harrison had a row to hoe; so did poor O. Henry, and poor Morgan Robertson, and Mary Stewart Cutting, whose first work appeared in a syndicate. But they learned to write! No one begrudges a reputation honestly worked for. No one envies a man like Booth Tarkington his well-earned success. He merits his high position, if ever a writer did. Let editors enter into a good-natured rivalry for his work, for competition—sane competition—is the life of trade.

But don't let us force a young writer to grow beyond his strength. Don't let us push him down the mouths of the reading public, and then weep if indigestion follows. Don't let us urge So-and-So, because he happens to write fine short stories, to try a long novel. He may not have it in him—probably he hasn't,

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or he himself would have found it out long ago. This pushing, this cramming, this forcing, is utterly wrong. And if our short-story writers do not wish to die young, let them be on their guard against the commercial allure.

I sat with a middle-aged writer the other evening in a club. We got to talking about the authors of the day. He is a man who has done good work, but he feels hopelessly out of the game now. Yet one of his books is almost a household word. "Who," he asked me, "is to take the place of Howells? What humourist is rising up to follow Mark Twain? What poet has come since Whitman? Twenty years from now what man would we be proud to have sitting at the head of this table, a patriarch, a real man of letters? Where are the essayists? In fact, what is becoming of American literature?" I could not answer. Save for here and there a little flash, I could see no stars in the heavens.

In the final summing up, I think it rests with the writers themselves to remedy these conditions. I was hopeful for one young author of popular stories who had "signed up" with a widely read magazine only after much urging. "They wanted me to do twelve stories," she said, "and revive a character I was long since done with. I admit the offer was too tempting to resist; but I've written four stories, and I won't—because I can't—write another for them. I am tired of that hero; I want to create another. Where is this sort of thing getting me? It's getting me on a farm in my early thirties, when I look at the cheques. But I'd rather be right here in New York, doing the big things that I hope are in me to do. I want to go on—not back." If only more of our young writers would talk that way! What is wealth to a writer, if along with it does not come, not mushroom, but gradual growth, a sane, lasting, artistic bigness?

Another writer, who had "signed up" when the risqué wave rolled in, told me with tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, that he had "formed the habit of writing that kind of stuff," and feared for his artistic future. He had loathed, anyhow, the dropping of his manuscripts into a veritable mill, from which he knew a cheque would be ground out automatically. But he missed the old contact with his editors; he missed the dropping in at their offices for a chat and an uplifting talk about literature, for a smoke and a dinner with an editor friend. He sighed for the old relations, warm and clean—the kind of relations which that old New England group must have known and cherished.

Nowadays, if a young author takes an editor's arm in walking up the avenue, the world will say, "Ah! Smith has 'signed up' with *Robinson's.*" Whereas, ten years ago, Smith's demonstration of affection might have meant that he was grateful for a bit of kindly advice about his latest manuscript, and he was going uptown to talk it over further. I do not mean to imply that an editor's judgments are infallible. But I do mean that writers, when they lose that friendly bond that has always existed between themselves and the editors, lose something far more valuable than money, something that money can never replace.

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THE "DIABOLIC" IN POETRY

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

It is, of course, quite possible that in the process of human thought the long-standing idea of a definite antagonism between good and evil, of two pitched camps of Right and Wrong, may gradually fade into the conception that what we call "evil" is but an undeveloped state of the human soul; in brief, that the term itself is unscientific. Meanwhile we have by no means risen as yet to the height of this conception, though Robert Browning has written:

The evil is null, is naught, is silence
implying sound; . . .
On earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a
perfect round.

Further, until a question apparently incapable of definite proof is proved forever, it is quite admissible to contend that the old idea of "Duality," or an antagonism of two forces, is in its way as purely scientific as the more modern conception. Swedenborg, indeed, has told us that such an antagonism is necessary to maintain the balance of the universe. Apart, then, from the writings of Browning, it may be taken that poetry has concerned itself throughout the ages with an eternal warfare between God and Devil. But in this conflict, whose stake is the soul of man, the poets have for the most part given expression to the personality of the Diabolic in two quite opposite directions. There is, on the one side, the grand figure of the rebel Angel, and on the other, a lower but perhaps more practical and effective Malice, whose business it is to sneer all high intention and nobility of action out of existence. On the one hand we are presented with Milton's Satan, and on the other with Goethe's Mephistopheles. Both these conceptions, if they are intended to excite merely our abhorrence, must be pronounced partial failures. For while, on the one hand, no one can read the *Paradise Lost* without an instinctive admiration of the character of "the adversary of God and man," so unconquerable is he, so magnificent in defiance; so, on the other hand, the fiend of Goethe has about him the appearance of a good fellow; he has humour, and regards life at the worst as a jest. It will be sufficient to recall, for the purpose of illustration, the following lines from the epic of *The Fall:*

He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new-
risen,
Looks through the horizonal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the
moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and
care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge.

And if such is his semblance, of equal grandeur is his speech:

Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors,
hail,
Infernal world! And thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of
Heaven.

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What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater?

If, then, Milton's object was, as he declared, to "justify the ways of God to men," it can hardly be denied that to set opposite the Divine Power so heroic and dauntless a figure was partially to defeat his grand general design. And more than this: Satan, as a matter of fact, appeals irresistibly to one of the deepest instincts of mankind—the admiration of the strong spirit in adversity, of the mind which remains dauntless in all difficulty, and which, however it may sin, still scorns to stoop.

So, on the other hand, though we are well aware that Mephistopheles is compassing not only the ruin of Faust, but also that of Margaret; though he shows himself in the most fiendish sense pitiless and cold, there is about him always a kind of gay, rakish air, a feeling throughout the drama that at his most devilish he is at least diabolically amusing, and the very best of company. Here the same criticism may be made that was applied to the Satan: that this vermilion-habited companion of Faust appeals in his way not only to the cynic, but also to the more general instinct in all of us, which seeks to be amused, and will laugh first, though the devil may laugh last. Probably the most truly diabolic sentence ever written by man is that in which Mephistopheles, in answer to Faust's unbraidings over the ruin and madness of Margaret, replies: "She is not the first." Yet even here one shall notice a profane impulse in the audience to laughter, though these few words are the very master-stroke of malice, the very pith and marrow of the diabolic.

The Lucifer of Marlowe in *Dr Faustus* is a figure in the Miltonic strain; and one cannot but feel that Milton had studied this powerful but chaotic drama. In one passage, certainly, the thought of the dramatist is reproduced by the epic poet, for to Marlowe is due the fine conception that the mind is its own place. But if Milton was to some extent beholden to the Elisabethian for the lines in which he drew his rebel archangel, one cannot help feeling that the other, the sneering devil of Goethe, owed not a little to the villain of the Othello tragedy. For the attitude diabolic is the same. Iago, like Mephistopheles, is totally incapable of any feeling whatsoever. I quoted just now the phrase, "She is not the first"; now, when Othello is at the crisis of his doubt, and has, in fact, fallen in a fit of epilepsy, Iago, the author of all this madness, bending over him, says, "What, General, have you hurt your head?" This stroke is by no means so fine intellectually as that of Mephistopheles, but the note struck is the same—that of a superhuman callousness. This entire incapacity even to comprehend either the depth or the height of human suffering might be regarded as stupidity, were we not made well aware in both cases of the extreme cunning and intellectual ability of these arch-betrayers. So, too, Iago is perpetually called an "honest" fellow, the term "honest" being, I fancy, akin to "good natured," in a sense. Iago deceives by a rough, uncouth manner, and is in that unlike the insinuating devil of Goethe; but he, too, is always ready with a song, and also passes for a ready boon companion and, to use a vulgarism, "a good sort."

It has always seemed to me that to play Iago as a sinister, tortuous Italian was a mistake made by most actors. The whole outward bearing and port of this monster is a kind of unmannered downrightness, which—and the touch is a most subtle one—even to this day deceives more than refined and cultured villainy. Have we not all met men who, though at heart false and base, yet continue to make a brave show by an almost brutal frankness, which passes for straightforwardness? Points of similarity can be multiplied, but perhaps one outstanding likeness between the two fiends is their attitude toward women. Just as Mephistopheles takes it for granted that jewels will overcome the maidenhood of Margaret, so Iago can-

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not conceive that any woman can follow a man as Desdemona did her soldier-lover except from the motive of the basest lust. It will be noted, too, that both of them generalise; for Mephistopheles will have it that all women can be caught by the bait of glittering stones, and Iago refers Othello to the well-known behaviour of women:

In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave it undone, but keep it unknown.

We have, then, roughly speaking, two distinct types of fiend drawn by the poets: the one grandly rebellious, but extorting admiration; the other foully clever, but extorting the laughter that should not be.

It was left for Byron to draw a most convincing diabolic figure in *The Vision of Judgment,* and here the poet combines the grand austerity of the rebel angel with a very real sense of superhuman satire. This devil is thus described:

But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
A spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
His brow was like the deep when tempest-tossed,
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And where he gazed, a gloom pervaded space.

But we also read:

Satan replied, "To me the matter is
Indifferent, in a personal point of view;
I can have fifty better souls than this
With far less trouble than we have gone through
Already; and I merely argued this
Late Majesty of Britain's case with you
Upon a point of form: you may dispose
Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!"

Probably the great poets have made no grander successes of imagination than in their portrayal of "The Diabolic."

GRUB STREET ORGANISED

In the July BOOKMAN, *some one with a large talent for statistics has estimated that one-tenth of the population of this country is to-day employed in helping, in one fashion or another, to provide amusement for the other nine-tenths. What of these people and their works? The great have been voluminously discussed, but the works of these lesser, unsung creators form one of the great romances of "modern expansion." A chronicle of the amazing revolution which has occurred in our day in Grub Street and all the artistic highways adjacent, this article tells of the vast numbers of people involved, of the sums they earn, the extent and diversity of their activities, and the accompanying revolution wrought in their own lives. With statistic and anecdote, it touches upon every phase of this rather large subject, and gains an added interest in that, instead of considering the topic as an isolated and evanescent phenomenon, it treats it—so far as we know for the first time—as an integral part of that hopeful literary and artistic awakening which with many exaggerations and some absurdities, has none the less been making itself vividly felt in the world ever since Ruskin brought the gospel of beauty to the door of every man, and William Morris set the proletariat to worrying over the dye of a wall-paper.*

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MOVING PICTURES

BY AGNES LEE

We have ascended heavens. From blue vast
We have looked down upon the mountains. Past
The muted shapes that motion
We have pierced mazes of the water's might,
Have torn uncanny secrets to the light
From deep on deep of ocean.
We have watched the sun a midnight pathway tread.

Now at a sign old worlds have come to be.
Dim cities we had never thought to see
Lift high for us their towers.
Far places we have walked in some far dream
Are calling through reality, agleam
With unfamiliar flowers
Blowing aloft in Greece's garden-bed.

There pass before the vision in dumb-show
The brave who slumbered in a hush of snow,
Who sent the message fearless
Caught in a clime that asked o'er areas rude
For entrance-fee to its white solitude
The lives of honor's peerless.
(Oh, chronicle of ice forever dread!)

Securely view the sheltered and the warm
Cold figures in the trenches, shrapnel-storm,
Sackings and sacrileges,
Young manhood, slave to crown and potentate,
Urged by a direful heritage of hate
Across the bloody sedges
(Oh, crimson chronicle the soul has read!)

Even science has unlocked her hidden store.
The clinic opens wide an inner door
Unto the wan recesses
Where human plants their tendrils toss again,
And ghastly vapours newly wrung from pain
And the mind's wearinesses
A wasting human field have overspread.

Rekindled are the fires of Akbar's tents.
Strange moons have silvered stranger continents.
Forsaken gods implore us.
Legended river, peak, and island-girth,
And all the reaches of the realms of earth
Are vital now before us.
But Mystery, dear Mystery, lies dead.

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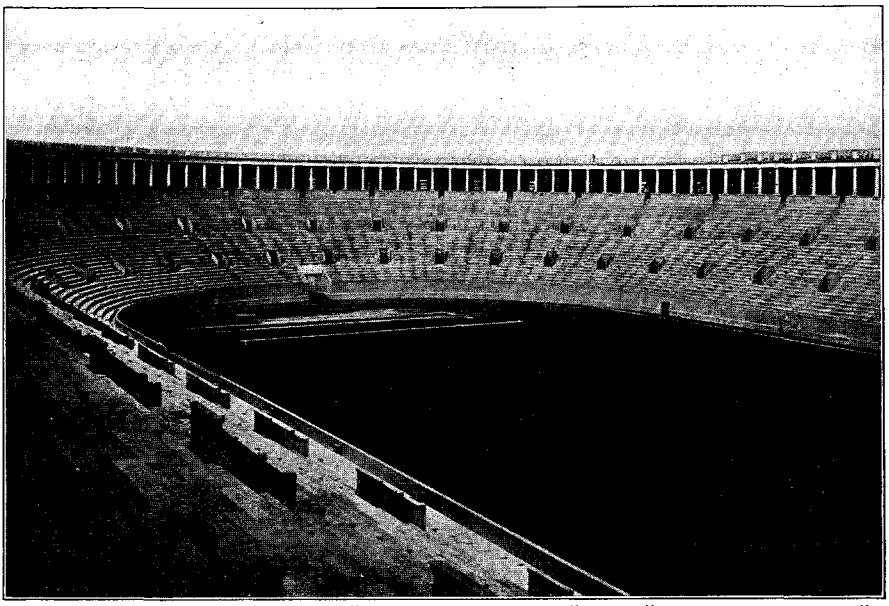

THE HARVARD STADIUM, WHERE "IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS" AND "THE TROJAN WOMEN" WERE PRESENTED MAY 17TH LAST

THE REVIVAL OF GREEK TRAGEDY IN AMERICA

BY HARRISON SMITH

In the stadium at Athens twenty-three hundred and forty years ago *The Trojan Women* of Euripides was produced for the first time. It is a play devoted to the sufferings and injustice wrought by war. Three years later appeared *Iphigenia in Taurus,* considered the most beautiful of Euripides's dramas. The production of both of these plays this spring in the great stadia of the leading universities of the East is due more to a fortunate inspiration of Mr. Granville Barker than to any long considered scheme. During a visit to New Haven last winter Mr. Barker inspected the new Yale Bowl and his first remark at the sight of the immense deserted oval was that it would be a magnificent place for a Greek play. A lesser man would have merely turned up the collar of his coat and whistled, for the spectacle of the Bowl in winter is enough to daunt anyone who is not something of a genius. But Mr. Barker was quite serious, and the idea of producing Greek drama at Yale soon broadened to include five universities. A committee of prominent men, including Professor Baker of Harvard and Professor Phelps of Yale, was formed to further the scheme which resolved itself into a season of eleven afternoon performances, beginning at Yale on the 15th of May, and closing at Princeton on the 12th of June.

While Greek dramas have been produced in America before, notably at the beautiful marble theatre of the University of California, nothing has ever been attempted on the present scale. Furthermore it is already certain that with the exception of the first perform-

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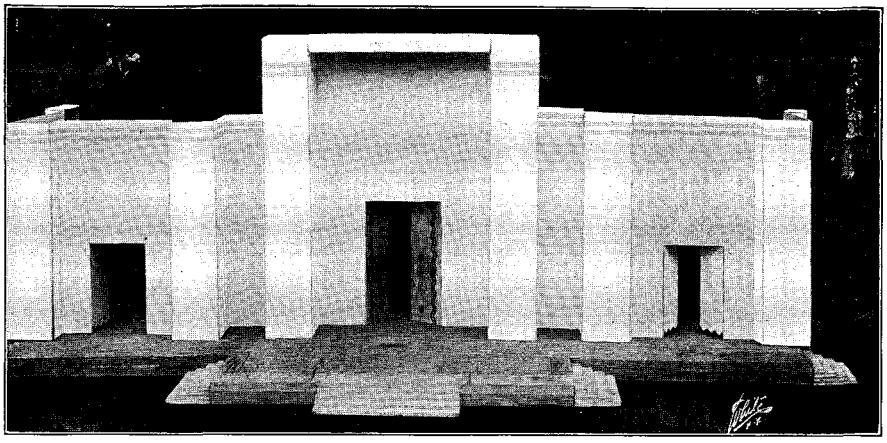

THE MODEL OF THE MARBLE STAGE DESIGNED BY MR. NORMAN WILKINSON FOR "THE TROJAN WOMEN," AND "IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS." IT IS ONE HUNDRED FEET LONG AND FORTY FEET HIGH.

ance in the new stadium in New York, which will not be open to the public at large, every other performance of the two plays selected will be extremely profitable to the University Dramatic Associations concerned as well as to Mr. Barker's company.

The discovery that our great universities present a fertile and unexplored field for dramatic spectacles should have dawned on some enterprising manager long before this, although it would hardly have occurred to any member of the Broadway fraternity that there was much money to be gotten out of a playwright who had been dead for over twenty centuries. It is really nothing but a matter of arithmetic allied to a little imagination. If something like fifty thousand people will pay two dollars a seat every year to see a game of football, it is not impossible that a quarter of that number can be induced to form the habit of attending yearly productions of classic drama in the same stadium. The success of Schiller's *Joan of Arc* at Harvard several years ago should have proved to all who saw Maud Adams with her attendant band of armoured students on that occasion how great an opportunity is presented when the drama offers a chance for pageantry. The background of curving stone and lofty pillars of a great stadium is not less admirable because it is seen under an American rather than a Greek sky. However, an audience of several thousand more or less sophisticated people will not gather for the purpose of admiring themselves in a beautiful setting; the drama played before them must be capable of arousing their emotions, and if it is to be a success, it must be artistically produced. Above all a taint of amateurishness is ruinous; Ben Greet and the Coburn Players, who have long attempted to draw university audiences, have proved that.

The merits of Mr. Barker's production of *Iphigenia* and *The Trojan Women* should be beyond dispute, for he has already successfully produced both dramas on the London stage. At the Cort Theatre his stock company was engaged in presenting Hauptmann, Shakespeare, Shaw, and Singe, when, with Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, he conceived the idea of presenting Murray's translation of Euripides's *Hippolytus*. This play attracted so much attention that it was followed by *The Trojan Women* and *Iphigenia in Taurus*. Their popularity was such that Professor Murray was encouraged to continue with his task of translating all of Euripides's extant

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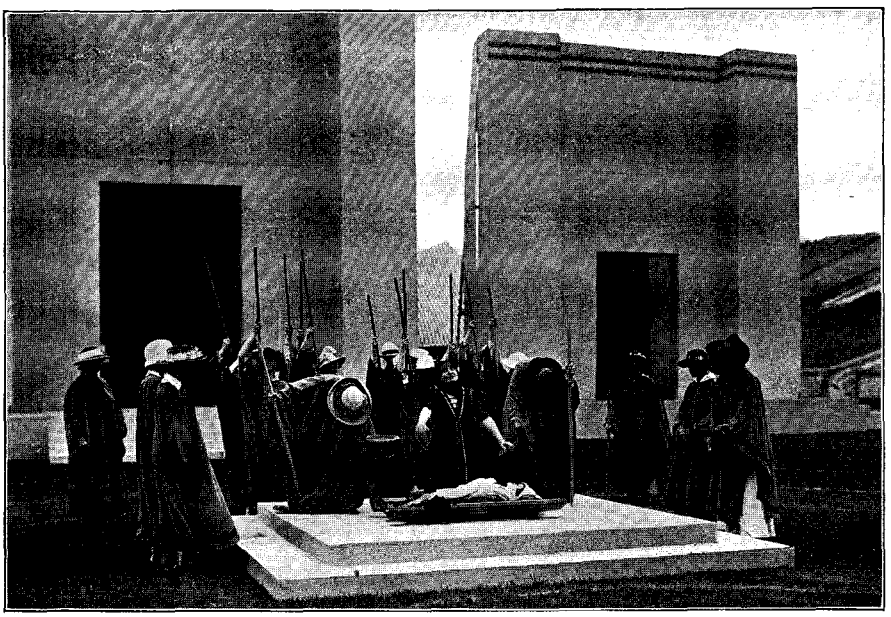

Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

A REHEARSAL OF "THE TROJAN WOMEN" IN THE YALE BOWL

plays, a work that has given him an enduring reputation as the leading modern exponent of Greek drama. It is, of course, Gilbert Murray's translation that Mr. Barker is using for his productions this spring. Both *Iphigenia* and *The Trojan Women,* in spite of the difficulties encountered in rendering the original into English rhymed verse, are faithful to the spirit and swing of Greek meter. Many passages, particularly in the lyrics of the chorus, are extremely beautiful, and although one feels at times the limitations of rhymed verse in dramatic dialogue the fervour and passion of the emotional passages is never sacrificed.

The decorative scheme and the costuming of the plays has been entirely in the hands of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, a young English artist who was one of the few men selected a few years ago by Shaw, Barker and other dramatists in England to assure the artistic effectiveness of several productions. Mr. Wilkinson's first opportunity to distinguish himself came when Mr. Barker produced the *Midsummer Night's Dream.* His extraordinary colour effects for this play, and particularly the costuming, created a storm of criticism and approval in London which was repeated in a milder way this winter at the production in the Wallack Theatre in New York. Mr. Wilkinson's conception of the colour scheme appropriate to *Iphigenia* and *The Trojan Women* is equally disturbing to academic standards, but as the artist says, "Most people think of the task of costuming a Greek play in terms of so many yards of white cheese-cloth." They would wish him to be technically correct at the risk of turning the cast into an assembly of sheeted ghosts. In designing the costumes he did not greatly care whether he was correct or not. Broad effects and striking colour were necessary, since the setting for the plays was to consist in each case in an immense grey oval of concrete filled with an audience of several thousand people.

The stage, which has been built after Mr. Wilkinson's design, is conventional enough, suggesting the white marble entrance to a temple. It is one hundred

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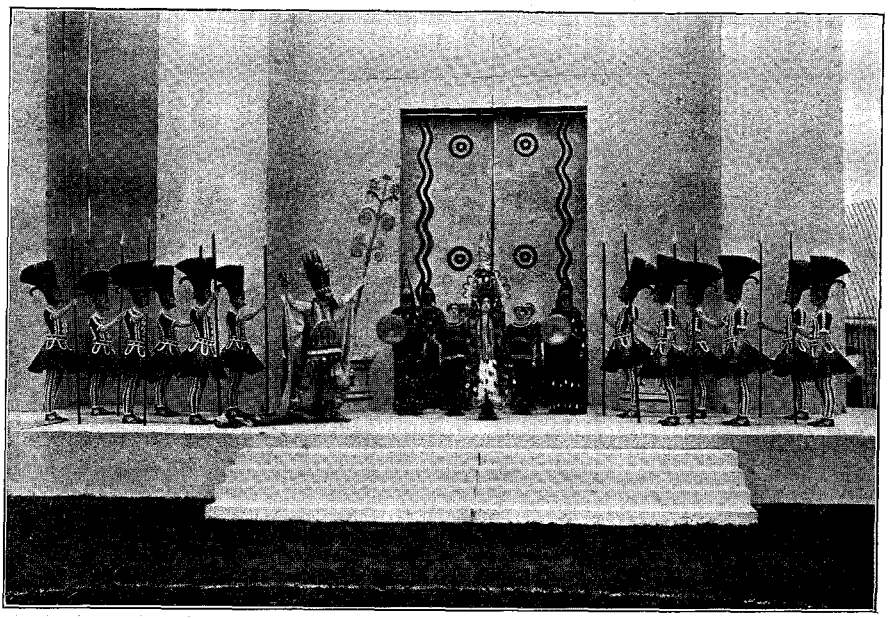

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS." IPHIGENIA BEARING THE SACRED IMAGE OF ARTEMIS OUT OF THE TEMPLE

feet wide and forty feet high, and can be placed at any point along each stadium, thus forming an amphitheatre of any dimension. In front of the stage is the usual circle for the chorus, which in this case consists of twenty-one, including the leader. In the centre of this space is the altar, an obvious emblem of the underlying religious significance of all Greek drama. It is probable that Mr. Wilkinson is more nearly right than he suspects in his daring use of colour, for although there are no records to prove it, it is not necessary to assume that the Athenians neglected colour in a matter as important as the costuming of one of their great tragedies. At least we know that Athens itself, which at the time in which Euripides lived was the head of a great empire and the saviour of all Greece from barbarian invasion, used colour in gorgeous profusion. Even the marble statues were painted to represent life, and the porticoes and roof beams of their temples and the houses of the wealthy glow with red, blue and gold. Professor Murray informs us that Euripides himself was an artist before he became a playwright, and as part of the duties of the successful dramatist was to train the chorus and the actors, it is probable that he would have changed the conventional costume to satisfy his artistic sense.

The scene of *Iphigenia* is laid before the temple of Artemis in the land of the Tauri, while the scene of the *Trojan Women* is before the shattered walls and burning towers of Troy. Consequently the costumes are a combination of classical Greek and barbaric colour. As an example, the costume of *Iphigenia* is archaic Greek in its lines and was copied from one of the Acropolis maidens, even to the wig with its long, straight locks. But the drapery is spotted as if with great drops of blood, and the tunic is striped with waves of red. The chorus of *Iphigenia* is costumed in sweeping drapery of black and orange, while the soldiers in the same play are startling enough to please an African savage, for they wear

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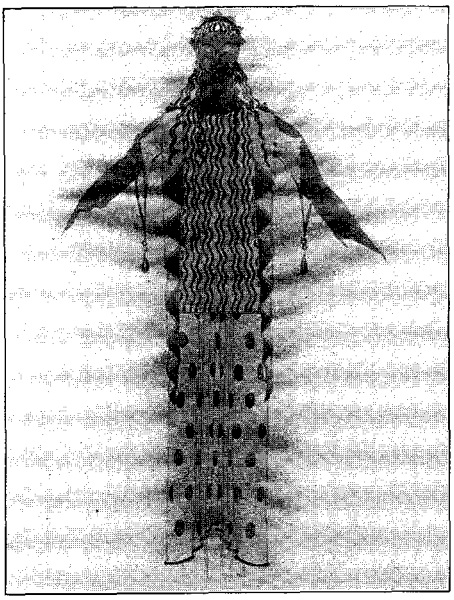
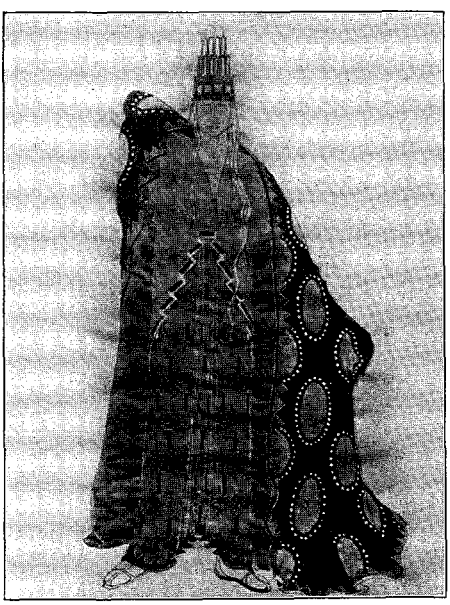


IPHIGENIA. THIS COSTUME IS COPIED FROM ONE OF THE "ACROPOLIS MAIDENS." IT IS WHITE WITH RED DECORATIONS

A SOLDIER OF KING THOAS IN "IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS." THE HEADDRESS AND SKIRT ARE FLAMING RED IN COLOUR



HECUBA IN "THE TROJAN WOMEN." THE COSTUME CONSISTS OF A FLOWING CLOAK OF BLACK WITH SILVER SPOTS, LINED WITH PURPLE AND A SILVER TUNIC WITH A RED BORDER. THE SKIRT IS GOLD AND RED

CASSANDRA IN "THE TROJAN WOMEN," GIVEN BY GRANVILLE BARKER IN THE STADIA OF PRINCETON, HARVARD, PENNSYLVANIA, AND THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. HER COSTUME IS BLACK AND GREY

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"IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS." SHEPHERDS BRINGING IN THEIR CAPTIVES ORESTES AND PYLADIS AS SACRIFICES TO ARTEMIS

black and white and flaming red feathers. In *The Trojan Women* there is less brilliant colour, for in every sense of the word that play is a tragedy; black, purple, and grey are the predominant notes. Indeed, Cassandra, the melancholy prophetess, is so awe-inspiring an object that one is inclined to wonder why Agamemnon was so eager for her. However, he was reputed to be one of the bravest heroes in all Greece.

The significant figures in nearly all of Euripides's dramas are women, and since Mr. Barker's cast for the plays includes Miss Lillah McCarthy, Edith Wynne Matheson, Crystal Herne, and Gladys Hanson, the merits of the performances were assured from the beginning. But in spite of the fact that some fifty thousand people will see *Iphigenia* and *The Trojan Women* during the eleven performances, and admitting that there will be little criticism on the score of artistic worth, nevertheless there remains the fact that an American audience knows very little about the spirit and traditions of ancient Greece. The few men and women among the spectators who happen to have droned away sleepy hours in academic Greek classes, or who have refreshed their memory recently from some mythology, will alone have much affection or sympathy for the woes of Agamemnon's ill-starred daughter. We Americans are a polite race, when we choose to be, and there is no doubt that every one will listen with the deepest attention. But how many after they have absorbed the oddity of the spectacle will wonder what it is all about and secretly resolve to keep away from Greek drama in the future! Doubtless the Athenians were not as polite as we are, and the mob in the top seats whistled their approval and shouted when they were not pleased. But the fact remains that since it was Athens' boast that every one of its citizens could read and write, the entire audience had been schooled from childhood in every story and fable connected with the play. It is safe to say that the students and graduates of Yale and Harvard, their wives and daughters, and

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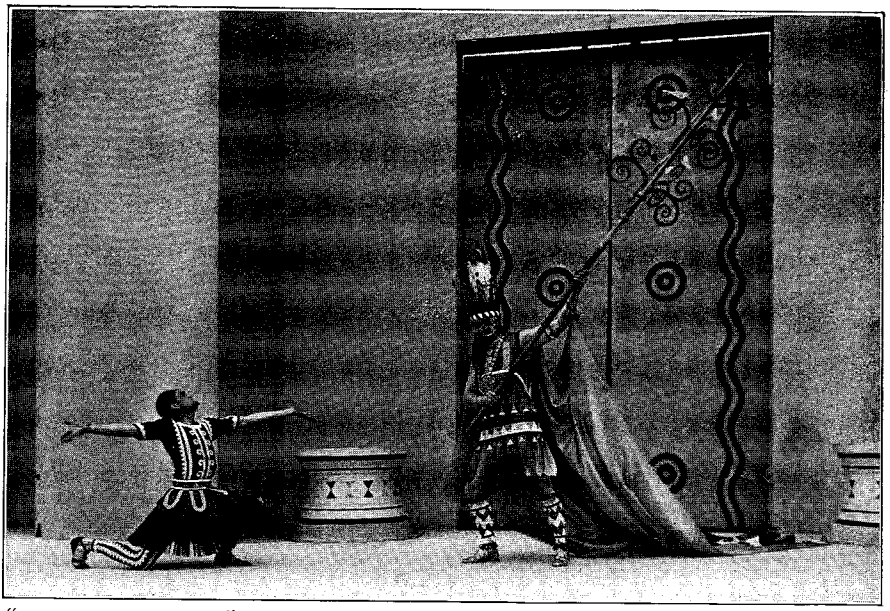

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS." THE MESSENGER RELATES THE ESCAPE OF IPHIGENIA AND THE GREEKS TO KING THOAS

even the officials of Mayor Mitchel's administration who will attend the performance in New York, to say nothing of the gentlemen of the press, have more intelligence concealed under their modern headgear than the average Athenians in the stadium at Athens. The real success of Mr. Barker's attempt to produce Greek Drama in this country depends not on that, but on the extent to which the audience appreciates and is moved by these plays.

After the season has closed, if it is seen that this revival of classic drama had aroused sincere enthusiasm, an opportunity of unknown possibilities will be presented to producers of ability. The three newly built stadia of Yale, Princeton and the College of the City of New York, in addition to those already built or projected for the near future, can be used as amphitheatres of almost unlimited capacity. Does it seem too great a stretch of imagination to conceive yearly productions of classic drama at our American Universities, or of other producers than Mr. Barker gathering companies together in the spring for academic "one-night stands?"

The first performance, *Iphigenia in Taurus,* was given in the Yale Bowl on May 15th and was followed by performances at Harvard of both *Iphigenia* and *The Trojan Women,* which were repeated on May 18th and 19th at the Univerity of Pennsylvania. The programme for the new municipal stadium at the College of the City of New York consists in a dedicatory invitation performance of *The Trojan Women* on Saturday, May 29th, which will be attended by a special committee appointed by Mayor Mitchel. This will be followed on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday of the next week by performances of both of the dramas. The season will close with two performances on June 11th and 12th at Princeton. In New York pupils in the graduating classes of the high schools are required to attend one of the performances in the Municipal Stadium. There will be two thousand seats available for each production at the moderate sum of fifteen cents. The millennium has indeed arrived when New York offers Greek tragedy at its own stadium at such a price.

If the audiences who view *Iphigenia*

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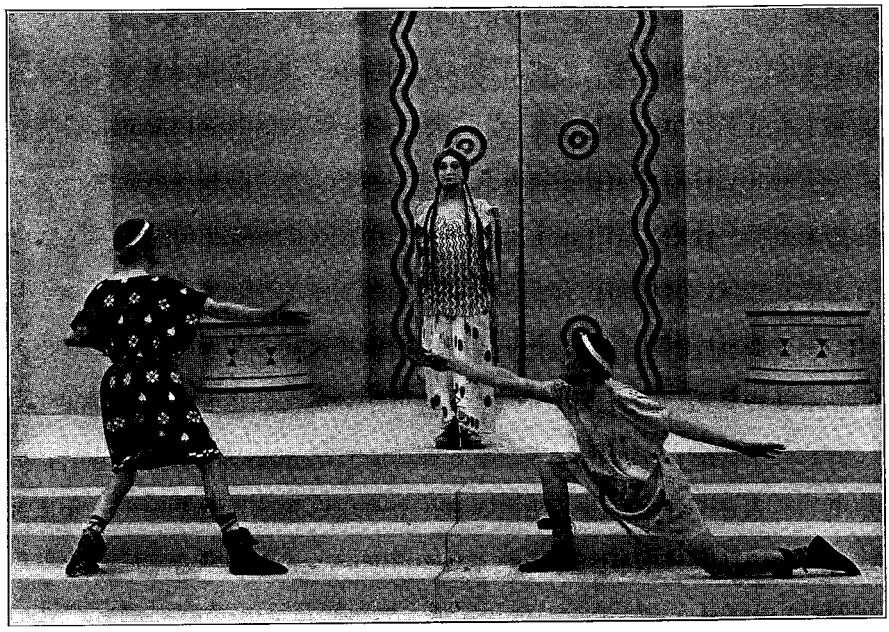

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS." THE SPLENDID RECOGNITION SCENE. PYLADES PRESENTS THE TABLET TO ORESTES

and *The Trojan Women* this spring are not willing to take the great dramas on their merits, but persist in regarding them as revivals ofthe very dead past. they cannot have an enduring effect. The majority of the people will go merely for the spectacle, as they would attend a circus if it were placed in the same stadium. Others will be led by curiosity; they will go because they want to see what a Greek play was like or to discover for themselves the reason for their having endured twenty centuries when the modern playwright cannot last out his decade. Still others will go from vaguely æsthetic interest in anything that is Greek. There is nevertheless so much latent and imperishable beauty in both *The Trojan Women* and *Iphigenia* that one cannot measure the extent of the effect they will have until the season is closed. The "uncommercial" drama has astonished and confuted many cynics this year.

There are passages in Euripides that are utterly modern in spirit, discussions of war and feminism that might have been written to-day. *The Trojan Women* especially seems to have its message to the modern world. It deals with the sorrow and agony of war from the standpoint of a conquered people and was written when Athens and the ancient world was aflame with war. Euripides, in fact, was finally driven into exile because he refused to support the war policy of Athens, which attempted to justify cruelty and expediency in the sacred name of Empire. But beyond this Euripides is the great dramatist of womankind. He glorifies not their virtues but their tragic faults and analyses with deepest comprehension the motives that led these majestic characters of his creation of their unhappy destinies. After all, men and women of to-day cannot be so utterly out of touch with the past that they wholly fail to appreciate the finest work of the great dramatist of whom Goethe asked, "Have all the nations of the world since his time produced one dramatist who was worthy to hand him his slippers?"

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RECENT BOOKS ABOUT THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

We are living in the midst of a great period of the history of the drama—perhaps the very greatest that the world has ever seen; but the general theatre-going and play-reading public is only gradually developing a consciousness of this astounding fact. The reason is not difficult to define. In the evolution of any art, creation always precedes criticism, because criticism is merely an analysis of what has been created; and, since the contemporary drama began to bourgeon only thirty years ago, it is not surprising that contemporary criticism is only now beginning to interpret it. A few books by pioneers have been before the public for half a dozen or a dozen years, to plead, like lone voices in an almost empty auditorium, for adequate appreciation of the modern drama; but it was not until the present season that a sturdy group of books have been prepared to sally forth, shoulder to shoulder, like an army with banners, to conquer the credence of the public in the new era of great drama that is now contributing a glory to the theatre of the world.

Those of us who were in college from fifteen to twenty years ago will remember that we were taught that there were four great periods in the history of the drama—the Greek period of Sophocles, the Spanish period of Calderon, the English period of Shakespeare, and the French period of Molière. We were led to regard the drama as an art that had been dead for several centuries. Our professors were still diffident of Ibsen; and they would have considered it a sacrilege against the dignity of scholarship to advise us to study the works of such untested dramatists as Hauptmann and Pinero and Brieux. In half a generation, this attitude toward the contemporary drama has been rendered obsolete. It is no longer considered necessary, as a requirement for a baccalaureate diploma, to read John Ford in preference to Maurice Maeterlinck. The most popular courses in our colleges to-day are courses in the contemporary drama; and the study has been taken up by every woman's club and literary circle in the land. So swift has been this new development that a large public, crying out for instruction, has outstripped the available supply of teachers; and, for the present, it has become the duty of every one who knows this or that concerning the contemporary drama to write a book about it and pass his knowledge on, at second hand, to the many who are eager to receive it. It is comforting to note that this demand, at last, is being dealt with. So many books about the current drama are, at present, being issued in rapid succession from the press that, in another year or two, the most conservative of readers will no longer be permitted to plead ignorance as an excuse for failing to appreciate the artistic triumphs of the theatre of to-day.

But this new criticism of a new creation has not as yet attained its classic stage. Sophocles achieved his Aristotle; but our great contemporary drama still awaits a great dramatic critic. The task of criticism is more difficult to-day than it has ever been before. For one thing, the drama has become, for the first time, cosmopolitan. In interpreting the periods of Sophocles, Calderon, Shakespeare, and Molière, the critic could confine his attention, in each instance, to a single nationality. But worthy contributions to the contemporary drama have been made by nations so diverse as Scandinavia, Russia, Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Holland, Hungary,

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Italy, Spain, England, and America. Aristotle could actually see and study at first hand all the plays that were existent in his world; but, on the same terms, no modern critic could possibly evalutate the best dramatic productions of the last thirty years.

For another thing, the creations of the contemporary period have been more diverse in content, in purpose, and in method, than the creations of any of the other great periods that have been enumerated. The Elizabethan period endured for half a century—from 1590 to 1640, let us say; but all the plays presented in this period display a family resemblance to each other. The difference between Shakespeare and Webster and Fletcher "and the rest" [to quote a phrase from the diary of Philip Henslowe] is a difference merely of degree, and not at all of kind. Similarly [to take another period] the art of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides was the same art, in principle and method. Such periods can be summed up easily by a critic who, like Aristotle, is endowed with eyes to see. But it is much more difficult to interpret a brief period of thirty years that discloses such diverse products as *The Weavers, Chantecler, The Thunderbolt, The Blue Bird, Hindle Wakes, The Dream Play, The Red Robe, The Cherry Orchard,* and *Sumurûn.* All of these are great works; but they show no relation to each other that is immediately recognisable. They differ not merely in degree, but also in kind; and the critic who endeavours to interpret all of them must induce a separate set of principles for each.

For still another thing, a development of the drama in recent years toward naturalism has been accompanied by a simultaneous development of the theatre toward fantastical romance; so that the contemporary critic is required to deal synchronously with such utterly different undertakings as those of Elizabeth Baker and Gordon Craig—or as those of the Granville Barker who wrote *The Madras House* and the Granville Barker who produced *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife.* Criticism of so chaotic and diverse a period must necessarily appear, for the present at least, chaotic and diverse. The same standard that is used in judging Marlowe may be used in judging Shirley; but it would manifestly be unfair to apply the same standard in judging *Hedda Gabler* and *Cyano de Bergerac.* It should be, I think, apparent to any reasonable mind that the time has not yet come for coherent and complete and final criticism of that superb and varied efflorescence of the drama in the very midst of which we dwell.

The most that can be accomplished by dramatic critics at the present time is to interpret various trends and tendencies in and for themselves. Some future critic, looking back from a distance of a century or more, may be able to include Shaw and Synge and Sudermann and Maeterlinck in a single stroke of the eye; but for the present it seems wiser to approach these masters separately, in different moods and with different standards of appreciation. Brieux and Reinhardt, Stanley Houghton and Gordon Craig, D'Annunzio and Pinero, should be treated as the subjects of different studies in stagecraft; and their merits should preferably be interpreted by different critics. For this reason, a multiplication of critical studies of the contemporary drama is greatly to be desired. Each commentator should contrive to teach us something worthy of remembrance regarding that particular phase of the vast, kaleidoscopic spectacle which has chiefly attracted his attention. But no single critic, under these conditions, can be readily accepted as a final and complete authority on every aspect of so multifarious a phenomenon as the contemporary drama.

Of the six significant books which call for consideration in the present paper, each is meritorious in its way; but no one of them covers the subject so completely as to render superfluous a reading of any of the others. Though at many points they overlap each other, there is some information to be gleaned

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from each which is not repeated in any other of the group. For this reason, it would be invidious for the reviewer to attempt to rank these books in the order of respective merit. The best way to serve the reader in such a situation is merely to render an account of the scope and purpose of each of the volumes, to indicate the nature of the information that each of them sets forth, and thereby to assist the reader to pick out for himself the particular book that appears to be the best suited to his needs.

"THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY."

*The Theatre of To-day,** by Hiram Kelly Moderwell, "is intended as a description and explanation of the new forces which have entered theatrical production in the last ten years, judged in the light of their probable historical importance as well as of their growing contemporary influence." Mr. Moderwell has made a particularly thorough study of the improvements in mechanical equipment, artistic *inscenierung,* and economic organisation that have recently been introduced in the theatres of Germany and Russia. By assembling and expounding a great mass of interesting facts that bear upon these topics, he has saved all future students of the drama at least a year of residence on the continent of Europe. His discussion of the literary forces that have conditioned the development of the contemporary drama is a little less complete; but, though summary in method, it is sound in principle. The book recommends itself because of the great diligence which the author has displayed in digging up innumerable facts concerning which our public was in need of information, and also because of the sagacity which he has shown in patterning these facts and inducing from them many serviceable principles. If I may be permitted for a moment to speak in my own person, as the author of two previous books that have dealt with the modern drama, I should like to say that I have learned more from *The Theatre of To-Day* than from any of the other books to be considered in this paper. Those of us who know a little of this subject are naturally most impressed by an array of facts concerning which our information has hitherto been incomplete; and Mr. Moderwell's volume should be particularly recommended to the notice of his fellow-students of the contemporary drama.

* The Theatre of To-day. By Hiram Kelly Moderwell. New York: John Lane Company.

"THE NEW MOVEMENT IN THE THEATRE"

*The New Movement in the Theatre,** by Sheldon Cheney, is less impressive in its marshalling of facts but more illuminative in its induction of general principles from the facts at hand. Especially suggestive is the author's tripartition of contemporary effort into what he calls "the æsthetic drama," "the drama of emotion," and "the drama of thought." To accomplish this division, he is required quite frankly to discard both farce and melodrama from the consideration of his criticism; and one wonders a little what certain giants of the past, like Molière and Victor Hugo, would have had to say to that. If some contemporary writer should unthinkingly create another *Ruy Blas* or another *Fourberies de Scapin,* would Mr. Cheney summarily deny his work the meed of criticism? Yet this tripartite division offers a convenient pattern for the simultaneous consideration of such utterly different artists of the theatre as Gordon Craig, Sir Arthur Pinero, and John Galsworthy.

Mr. Cheney's chapter on "Gordon Craig's Service to the Theatre" affords the most intelligible exposition of this artist's theories which has yet been made. It has been the misfortune of Mr. Craig that his own books have served more to

* The New Movement in the Theatre. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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cloud and confuse than to clarify his purposes. It seems scarcely an exaggeration to state that each essay that Mr. Gordon Craig has published has subtracted from the reader's knowledge of his art. But the great, creative dreamer of the modern theatre has found at last in Mr. Cheney an expositior who makes his meaning clear.

It would be possible to disagree with Mr. Cheney in many of his judgments. Thus, in his discussion of the British drama, he exalts above Pinero many dramatists who are scarcely worthy to untie the shoe-strings of the author of *The Thunderbolt* and *Iris;* and, in his discussion of the American drama, he has enumerated a full score of playwrights without mentioning the name of George M. Cohan.

Both Mr. Cheney's book and Mr. Moderwell's are made particularly serviceable by their wealth of admirable and instructive illustrations. The contemporary drama is more visual in its appeal than the drama of all preceding periods; and the pictorial apparatus of these two volumes sets them in a class apart from the other books to be considered in this paper.

"THE CHANGING DRAMA"

*The Changing Drama,** by Archibald Henderson, is intended as "a work which, from the critical and historical standpoint, takes account of the drama during the past half century and more, as the symbol of a general movement in human consciousness." In other words, Professor Henderson has tried to see his subject as a whole; and the attempt to do this, in the case of a domain so immense and so chaotic, is necessarily attended by a lack of steadiness and clarity of vision.

If one should open this book at random and should read a single page, he would probably receive an impression that Professor Henderson was trying to say at once the sum-total of all he had to say; and this impression is increased by a consecutive reading of the chapters. Instead of taking his points up one by one and disposing of each of them in order, the author, like a juggler, seems to keep them continually whirling in the air. We beat our wings in the void of a philosophical infinity that not infrequently grows luminous; but "in the end of all" [as Synge would say] we do not seem to get anywhere.

The first duty of the expository writer is to be clear. He should, at any moment, attempt to say no more than he can say both lucidly and unforgettably. *The Changing Drama* gives evidence of ample scholarship, but this scholarship is undigested and its results are unarranged. To the average reader the book would not be clear; and, even to the specialist, it would be a difficult task to sum up, at the end of every chapter, precisely what themes had been discussed and exactly what had been said concerning them.

This defect, however, was inevitable in a book that attempted a task that can only be successfully accomplished by some critic who will be able to look back upon the present period from the distance of at least a century of time. The Cathedral of Amiens could not have been seen at once and as a whole by the men who were still engaged in the erection, stone by stone, of that colossal fabric. When the *bon Dieu* was set up on the *trumeau,* a contemporary critic could have seen the *bon Dieu;* but he was not yet in a position to formulate John Ruskin's *Bible of Amiens.* If Professor Henderson's book must be regarded comparatively as a failure, it is only because his effort was excessively ambitious; and ambition, even in excess, must be considered as a noble fault. The general reader will learn more from Mr. Moderwell and Mr. Cheney; but one reason for this is that they did not try to teach so much, nor to announce a message before they knew precisely what that message was.

* The Changing Drama. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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"ASPECTS OF MODERN DRAMA"

*Aspects of Modern Drama**, by Frank Wadleigh Chandler, is a much more serviceable book, because, although no less impressive in its scholarship, it discusses one thing at a time and is at all points clearly patterned. "Specifically, the attempt has been made, through the works of those of different race, to illustrate the dramatic treatment of such characters as the wayward woman and the priestly hero, of such *motifs* as the tyranny of love, the influence of heredity and environment, and the ideal of honour; of such situations as are commonly involved in plays presenting scenes from married life; of such a plot as 'the eternal triangle' of husband, wife, and a third; of such social problems as those of sex, divorce, racial antagonisms, and the relations of the rich and poor; and of such artistic varieties as the naturalistic, the romantic, the symbolic, and the poetic drama." These "aspects," or motives, of the best contemporary plays are considered one by one; and the book affords an invaluable summary of the subject-matter of the modern drama.

Professor Chandler is evidently an indefatigable reader of printed plays, since no less than two hundred and eighty representative modern dramas are analysed in the course of this monumental volume. It is no less evident that he has seen very few of these plays actually acted in the theatre. He is less interested in the theatre than Mr. Moderwell or Mr. Cheney; but it should be stated also that he never falls into the heresy of regarding the drama as something written to be read instead of something devised to be enacted. He ignores Barrie utterly. The reason, doubtless, is that Barrie has refused to print his major plays, and that the Dean of the University of Cincinnati has been debarred from the privilege of seeing Barrie's plays enacted in London and more or less enacted in New York. But one feels a little that Professor Chandler should have wept a tiny tear, on this account, in the preface to his huge, impressive volume. He ought really to have told us that the Peter Pan of playwrights was omitted more in sorrow than in anger.

Aspects of Modern Drama would be worth buying for its bibliography alone. This bibliography occupies fifty-six closely printed pages of small type, and constitutes the most labor-saving *Who's Who in the Modern Drama* that has thus far been set at the disposal of the student.

* Aspects of Modern Drama. By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"THE MODERN DRAMA"

*The Modern Drama,** by Ludwig Lewisohn, is just as clearly planned as Professor Chandler's book; but the author has followed a different structural pattern. He takes up, one by one, the contributions of the different European nations to the modern drama; and, under each of these heads, he considers, one by one, the labours of the different leading dramatists. By following this pattern, he avoids the vagueness of Professor Henderson; and yet he manages, "in the end of all," to cover his enormous subject with a fair approximation to completeness.

Professor Lewisohn is an illuminative critic; and he writes unusually well. This latter point is one that is rarely noticed by reviewers of expository books. Such books are usually judged with reference only to their subject-matter. But though the first duty of the expositor is to be clear, his second duty, surely, is to be readable. Any man who aspires to be a worthy critic must cultivate a worthy style. Plays and stories may be poorly written and yet succeed because of the enchaining power of their content; but the content of criticism is secondary, and must be recommended to the reader by some signal aptitude for setting words together. Professor Lewisohn writes well, and so does Mr. Cheney; but so much cannot candidly be said of the other critics whose work is being rapidly reviewed in the present paper.

* The Modern Drama. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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It is never an easy task to write a sentence eloquently, and, when an author has achieved this task, there is not one reader in a thousand who will know that anything has been accomplished; but this is a service that he owes to his own more sensitive consciousness of the falling of fair consonants into an alluring harmony, and the sweet chime of lovely vowels that is lost on ears that cannot hear.

Professor Lewisohn's book is so lucidly constructed and so admirably written that it seems almost ungracious to disagree with him on certain points. But when he devotes fifty-three pages to the consideration of contemporary English drama without ever mentioning the name of J. M. Barrie, the present writer cannot refrain from asking, "Why?" It may be that Barrie is as utterly unknown in Columbus, Ohio, as in Cincinnati; but this possibility seems scarcely adequate [in Gilbert's words] to "fit the crime." Professor Lewisohn has no use for Jones and for Pinero; and it seems a pity that a critic who despises the well-made play should have denied himself the privilege of lauding *Alice Sit-By-the-Fire,* which was primarily intended as a satire of the sort of drama with which the author feels himself at enmity. Professor Lewisohn objects to the work of Pinero and Jones, because, writing drama, they choose to be dramatic, and, writing for the theatre, they choose to be theatrical. To the present writer the objection to a theatrical theatre and to a dramatic drama appears no less illogical than a demand that music should be unmusical, and architecture should be unarchitectural, and all art [to be considered seriously] should be inartistic. If the business of a certain person was to make a play, why should the critic hold him in contempt because his play has been well made? Is it a proof of art to do one's business badly instead of well? But these are questions of taste, concerning which there can be no profitable disputing; and if Professor Lewisohn chooses to prefer *The Madras House* and *The Eldest Son* to *Mid-Channel* and *The Liars,* as examples of dramatic art, he is at liberty to do so.

"HOW TO SEE A PLAY"

*How to See a Play,** by Richard Burton, is a manual prepared for theatre-goers by the President of the Drama League of America. It "is aimed squarely at the theatre-goer. It hopes to offer a concise general treatment upon the use of the theatre, so that the person in the seat may get the most for his money; may choose his entertainment wisely, avoid that which is not worth while, and appreciate the values artistic and intellectual of what he is seeing and hearing."

By deliberate design, this manual is elementary. Professor Burton says nothing that has not been said before; but he arranges his material intelligently and expounds it, so to speak, in words of one syllable. The advanced student of the modern drama will find more to feed on in the other books that have been noticed in the present paper; but, for the beginner, the present book may be most highly recommended for its sound and lucid exposition of basic principles.

"CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS"

At the close of this cursory review of recent books about the drama, a word must be appended to recommend to the reader a very remarkable volume that contains the materials most necessary for a study at first hand of the subject that has been discussed. This is a collection of twenty plays from the recent drama of England, Ireland, America, Germany, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, selected and edited by Thomas H. Dickinson, and issued under the title of *Chief Contemporary Dramatists.*†

* How to See a Play. By Richard Burton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Selected and Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston, New York, Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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This volume contains complete plays by Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, Fitch, Moody, Augustus Thomas, Mac Kaye, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Brieux, Hervieu, Maeterlinck, Björnson, Strindberg, and Tchekhov. Each of these dramatists is represented, absolutely or very nearly, at his best. Unfortunately, it has not been found possible to include plays by Barrie and Shaw, because Barrie objects to being published, and Shaw and his publishers object to any violation of the monopoly of their rights, even in the clear interest of students of the drama.

An anthology of this sort is invaluable to the student. By reading the twenty plays included in this volume, he will advance himself to a position that will aid him to appreciate those interpretations of the contemporary drama which are at present being issued, in quick succession, from the press. He will be prepared to decide, on his own account, whether Pinero is a lesser dramatist than Granville Barker and whether *The Weavers* is a greater play than *The Red Robe*. These questions must finally be decided by the majority of readers, as they have already been decided by the majority of theatre-goers. Perhaps, as the reading of great modern plays becomes more general, the public will discover gradually that the position of Bernard Shaw in the contemporary theatre is by no means so pre-eminent as many critics have presumed.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE EDGE."

THERE is a wholesome, human quality about John Corbin's new story, *The Edge*. His people are real and sympathetic, his presentment of their problems forceful and convincing, and his indictment of modern conditions of life full of stimulating suggestion. Yet as a novel it is not satisfactory, and the reason for this is that the author has tried to cover too much ground. Within the scope of a single volume he has attacked successively such diverse problems as woman suffrage, eugenics, domestic economy, taxation, university extension, the survival of the fittest, the morality of Christmas giving, the Santa Claus myth, and the religion of the future; and naturally the result is a certain weariness and confusion. Yet he had a well-defined central theme, the financial difficulties of a typical middle-class young couple, who are skating along the precarious edge of solvency—and if he had been content to adhere firmly to their immediate concerns, he might have given us a story strong, firmly knit and vitally significant. As it stands, the strength and significance are still there, but obscured and overlaid by a multitude of other issues constantly carrying the reader's thoughts off at a tangent. Roger Jaffray and his wife Mary, having married on a nar-

* The Edge. By John Corbin. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Cocoon. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Hearst International Publishing Company.

God's Country and the Woman. By James Oliver Curwood. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Mary Moreland. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Beloved. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The City of Pleasure. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Seven Darlings. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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row margin, discover that expenses have a way of increasing a good deal faster than salary and income, and that for people in their position children are a forbidden luxury. And the tragedy of it is that Mary is one of those natural mothers who crave children more than anything else in the world; she "just wants 'em and *wants* 'em." As Roger sees existing conditions, our financial system is administered for the benefit of one class, the rich—they can well afford the children whom so many of them do not want; our social system is administered in behalf of another class, the poor—thanks to free maternity wards, dispensaries, etc., children cost them nothing; but "between the upper millstone of the rich and the nether millstone of the poor, the vast majority of Americans, belonging to neither the one nor the other, are ground to a pulp." As Roger and Mary see their problem, they have the choice of remaining childless and attaining the higher social circles, or of having children and sinking to the slums. They are such extremists, so cautious if not pessimistic, so reluctant to put even a little trust in Providence, that one ends by getting out of patience with them. Plenty of worthy couples have succeeded in continuing to maintain a fairly firm footing on the "Edge," even when handicapped by a child or two; but the Jaffrays mean to take no chances. And then, when prospects look so bright that their dreams of a family and a country home seem guaranteed, fate plays them a succession of malicious tricks, Roger's position in his uncle's firm seems in jeopardy, Mary's father loses his professorship and is thrown on their hands, and the belated son and heir turns out to be twins. How Jasper, spurred by necessity, exposes the knavery of his Uncle Sturtevant, who was slowly wrecking the old, established dyestuff firm of Jaffray and Company, forces his resignation and assumes control; how he discovers the secret of artificially making the long lost Tyrian purple, and soon outdistances all competitors, builds the country home of his dreams and sees sons and daughters growing up around him, form chapters that would seem to bring the story to a logical conclusion. But suddenly Mr. Corbin shifts the main interest from Jaffray to his friend Van Antwerp, an ardent young missionary, whose new intepretation of the Bible scandalises the smug vestrymen of the fashionable church the Jaffrays attend and leads to Roger's resignation from membership. All of which, while intrinsically not without interest, is essentially "another story."

"THE COCOON."

A young wife, quite happily married, with plenty of servants and no children, has without any valid excuse a nervous breakdown and is sent by her husband to a sanitarium on that part of the Carolina coast from which our sea island cotton is supposed to come. Swathed, cocoon-like, in sheets and blankets, she spends her days on the roof of the sanitarium drinking in the sea air and studying her fellow-patients. At intervals she writes letters to her husband, and these letters, supplemented by extracts from the lady's private diary, form the contents of *The Cocoon,* by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Frankly, it is a rather preposterous sort of story, exaggerated and rather dull. The characters described are unintentional caricatures, the descriptions overdrawn, and the final disentanglement of the unconvincing plot is as far-fetched as a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. It is not until we have struggled two-thirds of the way through the volume that we realise there is anything in the nature of a plot intended. Then, suddenly, the heroine has violent hysterics, and after several mystifying pages we succeed in making out that she has discovered, or thinks she has, that another patient—the one supposed to be an exception to the rule against the admission of insane patients—is receiving daily love letters from the heroine's husband. But, of course, she isn't, and the reader is not deceived one minute. The supposed insane lady, by the way, is the

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one bright oasis in the dreary waste. Her remarks are just mad enough to be mildly reminiscent of *Alice in Wonderland*. "How candied of you!" she remarks, when the heroine gives her a box of chocolates. "But why didn't you telephone them to the heathen? Our missionaries feed them too much meat."

"GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN"

If you were employed by the United States Government to collect certain vital statistics among the natives well inside of the Arctic circle; if you had seen your companions die one by one of cold and privation after a hard winter; and if, suddenly, as you were making your arduous way southward, famished for the sight of civilisation, and above all for a woman's face, you should come upon a young girl, a white girl, well educated, refined and beautiful, absolutely alone in the midst of a waste of snow, you might be pardoned for a brief bewilderment. And if that same young woman, after taking a careful mental stock of you, should own that she was in desperate distress, that you perhaps could aid her if you would ask no questions, obey her implicitly no matter how strange her request and then, when she gave the word, pass out of her life and be henceforth as one dead to her and to her people—well, you would at least need to be as susceptible as the hero of Mr. Curwood's novel if you consented to take the rash gamble. For this is precisely the opening situation in *God's Country and the Woman;* and the immediate outcome of Philip Weyman's acceptance of the conditions is that he finds himself admitted to a marvellously comfortable and roomy dwelling, buried away in Northern snow and ice—a dwelling filled with rare books books and bric-a-brac, a modern piano and other badges of civilisation. There are an abundance of Indian servants; and presently, arriving from different direction, there enter the girl's big, genial, devoted father and her frail, emotional and still quite youthful mother—almost a counterfeit presentment of the girl herself. By this time Philip has been partially enlightened as to the rôle he is to play. There is a small child in the house, a baby boy; and the story which the girl tells to explain the child's presence would be quite convincing if it were not just a little bit too well ordered and methodical. She had not seen her father for two years. Winter before last, she had been at school in Quebec, and it was there that things had happened; on her return, she meant to tell her father the truth, but he was away on business and her courage broke down; so instead, she told him she had been married and that he had a grandson. Now at last her father had come home and the rôle that she planned for Weyman was to pose as the child's father. By the time that he hears this tale, Philip has spent many days with the girl in that close, clean comradeship that comes of sharing hardship and danger on land and water; he has come to know her better than the girl herself guesses; and, whatever momentary shock he may have received from the cold, blunt, almost callous manner of her telling, some subtle sixth sense assures him that, however incredible it may seem that she should lie about such a matter, yet nevertheless the girl has lied and the child is not hers. Such is the situation when the old father returns, obviously proud of his supposed grandson, but quite ready to be hostile to the stranger who has stolen his daughter. This situation, although obviously artificial, offers possibilities for an ingenious pen; and while Mr. Curwood has rather overdone the thing, and is at times a little premature in his revelations, he has certainly given us the local atmosphere, permeated our very bones with the chill of damp and cold, and conveyed a haunting foreboding of a repellent secret that must at all hazards be kept from the knowledge of the big-hearted and trusting old man who for a few brief days is so naively happy in his supposed grandchild.

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"MARY MORELAND."

Mary Moreland, in the new novel by Marie Van Vorst, which bears her name, is the special stenographer of Mr. Thomas Maughm, and so conversant with his moods that from the very first utterance in the morning she can surmise quite accurately the temperamental conditions under which he left home. In the opening chapter the whole manner of his greeting is so unusual, so entirely without precedent, that it is borne in upon us with something like an electric thrill that momentous things are about to happen. And happen they do; for the first letter which he dictates to her has no relation to business, but is addressed to his one really intimate friend, who lives in Boston, and its purport is that Maughm and his wife have drifted slowly but surely onto those shoals where marriages are wrecked, that for years he has been to her only a money machine, a source of supplies for her follies, and that at last the limit has been reached. He means immediately to place the matter in the hands of his attorneys and give her the first opportunity to apply for a divorce. The stenographer has her professional pride; she is an expert in her own line of work and never falters. She does not falter now, although her heart is acting rather queerly, but takes down this extraordinary letter to the very last word. And then she still maintains an outward tranquillity when her employer, the man whom she has learned to know so thoroughly, whose unspoken wishes she can guess, turns to her and without mincing matters, explains what he wants. As she has heard, he is leaving his wife; he has loved Mary almost from the first; he is going away to-morrow; will Mary meet him at the railway station and go with him?

The best thing about this book and the thing most difficult to convey at second-hand, notwithstanding the vivid manner in which the author herself conveys it, is the character, the personality, the intimate reserves and refinements of Mary Moreland. In reading the story you never for a moment make the mistake of thinking of her as a bold, forward, calculating young person. Still less is she gross, sensuous, immodest. She is always extraordinarly feminine; her strength is a woman's strength, generous, altruistic, sacrificial. Her problem seems so simple; Maughm meets her, he has asked her to come—and she consents as simply and directly as though it were a matter of taking a dictation instead of burning her boats behind her. Chance, at this point, takes a hand in the game; the next morning, when Mary arrives at the office, believing she has left home for the last time, she finds a dispatch from Maughm telling her that his one best friend, the man to whom she had taken down his letter yesterday, is dying and he has gone on to be with him at the end. Instead of keeping their appointment at the Grand Central he wants Mary to join him in Boston. She has hardly had time to grasp the situation when the telephone rings, in Mr. Maughm's private office, and when Mary puts the receiver to her ear the voice she hears is that of Mrs. Maughm. "Is that Miss Moreland? I have some letters to dictate. Can you be spared from the office? Yes? Good, then I will expect you at once."

In a sort of daze, Mary goes uptown. To her bewilderment, Mrs. Maughm admits at once that she has no letters to dictate; she has simply wanted to talk with Mary as woman to woman, as some one who has known her husband more or less intimately and from a different angle. Apparently she lays her cards openly on the table—how many she keeps up her sleeve, Mary is too unsophisticated to suspect. She plays the broken-hearted wife admirably, cleverly twisting the facts in the case and harping especially on the one lurking truth in her narrative—her very genuine though selfish love for her husband. Mary goes to Boston—of course she does, because with her nature she could not have done anything else. She had promised. But when Maughm

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meets her she tells him of the interview with his wife and convinces him—although one suspects that she herself is not in her secret soul convinced—that his wife really loves him. It would be easy to outline in a dozen words the sequel to these events. But this is a story which inclines the reviewer to reticence, hinting only that the controlling purpose seems to be that an over-generous woman may be saved from a life-long shipwreck if only fate is kind enough to intervene and direct her generous impulses into a new chanel—and perhaps into a channel that, as in the present case, is to all appearances dead against her own cherished hopes.

"THE BELOVED."

It is curious that comparatively few studies have been made in fiction of the effect produced upon a moderately clean and inexperienced boy's mind when brought in contact with the tarnished girl of the cabaret and dance hall. Probably the best type of the story we have in mind is the middle section of that haunting volume by Filson Young, *The Sands of Pleasure*. Beside it *The Beloved,* by James Oppenheim, seems distinctly sordid. Picture to yourself a young man from the country, probably from New England, who has been drawn to New York by the lure of literature and has been making the average failure. In pursuit of copy—or possibly companionship, he drifts one night into a sordid down-stairs cabaret, which the author describes with intentional vagueness. Here he comes into contact with a soiled and tarnished group of men and girls, and because of his youth and unquenched ideals very narrowly escapes serious mental and moral damage. But the girl who first attracted him happens to have retained a smouldering spark of idealism herself; and although she fights against the temptation she beckons, and he follows. The whole connection is technically as blameless as that of *Paul and Virginia*—and quite as ill-omened—what a pity that the English vocabulary lacks the expressive word *funeste!* The girl has a brief respite from her sordid life. She even dreams impossible dreams, forms mad, extravagant, unrealisable hopes. She keeps herself clean, staid, almost monastic. And then one day without warning the boy's mother and sister go to New York, and there is an awkward encounter; and because of his youth and honesty she sees that he is ashamed of her, and her course is clear—or at least she thinks so. She disappears, leaving no address, and when he finds that she has meant to leave him he ends his life. Her one thought until now has been so save him from himself. Her one thought henceforth is to make herself something worthy of his memory. Perhaps it should have been mentioned sooner that she was previously making a precarious living in the photo play line, cordially hating it all the time. Mr. Oppenheim wishes us to believe that as a result of this tragedy his heroine becomes a famous moving picture star—and perhaps she does, but isn't it all a rather painful anti-climax?

"THE CITY OF PLEASURE."

The City of Pleasure belongs in the series of burlesque side products which Mr. Arnold Bennett has so frankly confessed that he turns out in his afternoon hours after his serious morning work has been accomplished. In these "fantasias" of Mr. Bennett's, the probabilities of time and space are most audaciously discounted. Mr. Bennett unblushingly selects an area of we forget how many acres, within an easily accessible and fairly central portion of the greater London of to-day; imagines a certain amount of demolition of property, and proceeds to erect a Luna Park on a hitherto unimagined scale of magnificence. The whole enterprise is in the hands of two men: an imaginative, eccentric, artistic personage, whose soul is centred in his leadership of a colossal brass band; and his victim, a millionaire, ponderous, avaricious, and rather stupid,

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who has financed the whole vast enterprise. It is inevitable that the two shall quarrel. The first clash occurs on the day when the exhibit opens, when the partners make the initial ascent in their mammoth balloon. Henceforth, throughout the duration of the City of Pleasure, we have the curious combination of the popular joy in a mammoth show and the personal antagonism, the lurking terror, the almost uncanny dread of the few central figures. The whole effect is rather creepy. And yet, when it is all over, one cannot help realising, as in so many other cases, that it is utterly unworthy of the author of *An Old Wives' Tale*.

"THE SEVEN DARLINGS."

The great mass of magazine readers who absorb their dose of fiction as they do a sandwich in an "Automat" restaurant, undoubtedly get an unexpected enjoyment out of the stories contributed by Gouverneur Morris. But to the reader who happens to have the instinct for literary *caviar,* Mr. Morris always leaves an exasperating impression of having shirked his job, of being content to let the world have his second-rate product. *The Seven Darlings* is frankly literary burlesque, vaudeville in printed form. It is diverting, of course—that is Mr. Morris's prerogative—but there is no attempt at construction. A whole family, a son and six daughters, suddenly find themselves orphans, with only a fraction of the fortune they had expected and furthermore they are saddled with the burden of a very expensive camp in the Adirondacks. An inspiration comes to these six girls and one boy —whose family name happens to be Darling—that they can turn the Adirondack camp into a very high-priced summer resort. They proceed to take a colossal gamble, based on the wise assumption that the class of people they are looking for do not care how much they pay, so long as they are comfortable. Accordingly, they place full-page advertisements in New York papers describing the wonders of the camp, including photographs of the biggest moose, the biggest trout and salmon captured, and with a fine central photograph of the camp as a whole, and beneath it the legend in large letters: Prices Rather High. Now the two youngest of the six Darling sisters have a peculiar sense of humour, and they do not approve of the general view of the camp. So, when the proofs of the advertisement come in, they manage to substitute in place of that obnoxious general view a snapshot of the six sisters in very becoming yet very wet bathing suits, seated on a float with their feet dangling in the lake. And they never realise, until the printed papers arrive, that this picture stood immediately over the colossal headline, "Prices Rather High." It can be easily imagined that the patrons, attracted by this advertisement, are without exception masculine; in fact, without being quite aware of it, the Darling sisters have started a sort of informal bureau. The one thing which rather spoils Mr. Morris's story is the fact that he so obviously felt himself obliged to marry everybody off quite happily. At first it is rather amusing, but presently a point is reached where one devoutly thanks Heaven that he did not call his book the seventeen instead of the seven Darlings.

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SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

DOSTOEVSKY'S "HOUSE OF THE DEAD"*

THERE is much that is bewildering to the Anglo-Saxon mind in the pages of Dostoevsky, who, through the very excellent translations of Constance Garnett, is gradually winning the wide audience he naturally deserves. He is one of those authors, for instance, whose own life has saturated his art, tinging it with strange colours unfamiliar to our eye. This does not alone lie in the external life he is picturing—the Russia of a half century ago; it is rather in his own peculiar slant, his vision, as it were, which his own temperament has given to it. And nothing could better reveal how this came to be so distinctly personal than the record of his prison experiences. To one who wishes, therefore, really to understand the psychological approaches of this great novelist there is no clearer guide than his own *House of the Dead;* for in this powerful classic we find the sources of his great humanness. Though thinly disguised as a novel it is nevertheless an autobiographical record interesting to the sociologist and psychologist as well as to those merely students of the author's own processes. Further, there is nothing complicated in this simply written record; it is devoid of the long intricate analyses so frequent in his extended novels. It is the easiest of his books to read and one of the most moving. Here one finds Dostoevsky at his best; thrilling when necessary, profoundly penetrating always, but less concerned with mental intricacies because mainly compelled to visualise external conditions. He is here limited by fact, which he is trying truthfully to record as a document, and which, with unerring reportorial instinct, he does not clog unnecessarily.

*The House of the Dead. By Dostoevsky, translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To such an observing eye it is only natural that his exceedingly intimate contact with all types and conditions of men should have at once revealed to him the common penological platitude that criminals are not so very different from the ordinary run of humanity. The energy and skill with which some crimes are committed generally indicate bad economic conditions and environments misdirecting high capacity. Though Dostoevsky draws some "determined characters"—that is those who are perverted from all normality—as a rule the reader gains a sneaking admiration even for many of his murderers. This is partly due to the author's intense presentation of the motives, irrational but human, which compel human character to a given action. There is something almost uncanny in the calm with which murders are told by the criminals themselves, heightened by the vanity which prompts the telling. But on the whole they are rather simple peasants from whom the author learned his great charity and gained the facts which make his novels such indelible records of the common people of Russia. Every one in the prison interests him, for he was a catholic in more than the mere religious sense of the word. He detects the vast difference between the various walks of life there and points out the way in which punishment for the same crime can never be equalised by law because of the difference in temperamental reaction. Though he tried to be friendly with every one, he soon saw, in spite of the fact they were all herded together, that the prisoners themselves did not consider him one of them. He himself was eyed with suspicion and here he learned the wide gulf between the classes. Prison, as it was in his day, was very much like the outside world: it gave play to all the calls of character, though necessarily limiting its action. There is

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much dreaming of freedom, of course, and in one marvellous description Dostoevsky suggests the poignant awakening of dulled senses when spring warms the blood.

Throughout the book, indeed, are vivid pages which equal such scenes as one recalls in *The Idiot* or, *Crime and Punishment*. Space forbids more than a hint of these, such as the touching and horrible death of Mihailov, the episode with the dog Sharik, and that conglomerate scene during the Christmas theatricals. Probably the most impressive, from the writer's point of view, is that of the "bath." In a small room but twelve paces in length and breadth eighty men are huddled.

> There was not a spot on the floor as big as the palm of your hand where there was not a convict squatting, splashing from his bucket. Others stood up among them and holding their buckets in their hands washed themselves standing; the dirty water trickled off them on to the shaven heads of the convicts sitting below them. More steam was raised every moment. It was not heat; it was hell. All were shouting and vociferating to the accompaniment of a hundred chains clanking on the floor. Some of them, wanting to pass, got entangled in other men's chains and caught in their own chains the heads of those below them; they fell down, swore, and dragged those they caught after them. Liquid filth ran in all directions. Every one seemed in a sort of intoxicated, over-excited condition; there were shrieks and cries. . . . The shaven heads and crimson steaming bodies of the convicts seemed more hideous than ever. As a rule the steaming backs show distinctly the scars of the lashes they had received in the past, so all those backs looked now as though freshly wounded. The scars were horrible. Through the cloud of steam one gets glimpses of scarred backs, shaven heads, bent arms and legs. . . . It occurred to me that if one day we should all be in hell together it would be very much like this place. . . .

From many points of view this is a remarkable book, full of humanity and sociological significance. Many of its comments could easily be applied to present prison conditions—a characteristic of any great work which deals with the universal tides of humanity. Yet it is ever a work of art and will remain one of the literary classics of Russia. *George Middleton.*

II

H. Addington Bruce's "Psychology and Parenthood"*

Although it is written in the simplest and most untechnical style, Mr. Bruce's little volume is a book of significance. For it deals with a matter that is really of more importance to the race than even the war that is raging in Europe, a matter that goes to the very roots of permanent race improvement, that may perhaps prove to be the first outward signs of a new step in evolutionary progress. Scientists have found the first faint rays of ethical impulse to have been coincident with the appearance and survival of the warm-blooded mammals and their care for their young. Altruism was born with the first mammalian mother that suckled her young, gave it with her tongue its first toilette and found for it a safe place in the jungle thickets while she foraged for food. With the coming of man growth in racial strength and power and also ethical evolution have followed increasing recognition of parental responsibility, and its sharing by both parents. The lengthening of the period of childhood, with the consequent acceptance of both paternal and maternal duties, has been the accompaniment, if not one of the causes, of human evolution and the progress of civilisation.

The conception of the extent and of the possibilities of this parental responsibility is about to make a long and most significant step forward. The importance of the child to the race has

*Psychology and Parenthood. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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never been so clearly recognised as now, and never before have the scientists so bent their energies to the discovering of means by which the child can be so developed and trained as to make the most intelligent, the most vigourous and the most efficient and useful man. In short, their ultimate aim is the improvement of the race by the cultivation of childhood.

Mr. Bruce's book is of consequence, therefore, because its matter and its manner make it a factor in the motive power of this forward movement. It gathers up some of the important results of recent psychological, educational and medical investigations into the phenomena of childhood, and puts into plain, non-technical language the findings of the scientists. He calls it a "handbook for parents," and he says in his preface that his aim has been thus simply to review and unify "the findings of modern psychology which bear especially on the laws of mental and moral growth." He thinks the fact has been established by scientific investigators that "it is in the first years of life, and in the influences of the home, that the forces are set in motion which count for most in the making or marring of the individual's character and career." But "if parental responsibility is consequently much greater than most parents suppose, so is parental opportunity," and his endeavour is to point out to parents what scientists have shown some of those opportunities to be.

Dealing with the importance of the environment, Mr. Bruce marshals examples and arguments and results of investigation to show how great is the influence exerted upon character by the parents and home surroundings of the child, and concludes that when the child goes wrong in after life, the blame "rests squarely with the parents, who, through ignorance or neglect, have failed to mould him aright in the plastic days of childhood." Most people who are familiar with the investigations and findings of the eugenists will probably think, as I do, that Mr. Bruce does not give them the credence, or even the tolerance, that is their due. He is too prone to ignore the evident openings for argument in their favour which some of his own instances show, and his attitude toward them is not that which characterises the open-minded scientist who desires only to find the truth.

Perhaps the most interesting and most important part of the book are the two chapters which deal with "Suggestion in Education" and "The Secret of Genius," with their insistence upon the importance of beginning with the very infancy of a child to give it a rich mental soil into which its future intellectual growth can strike deep roots. He believes that the child who would otherwise be no more than ordinary can be so moulded and inspired in its early years as to enable it to produce in after life the achievements of the man of genius. These two chapters, in particular, are well worth the earnest study of all parents and teachers. An interesting section on "Intensive Child Culture" goes with considerable detail into half a dozen experiments in the putting of more education into the early years. Among these are the three recent instances of young lads at Harvard. Another is that of the Irish father whose two sons, trained by this intensive system, became, the one, James Thomson, the famous English authority on engineering, and the other, Lord Kelvin. The cases of John Stuart Mill and Karl Witte also receive attention.

The chapters on Laziness, Laughter and Hysteria, which consider the results of medical investigations and show their practical application to childhood welfare, should be of consequence to all who have formative dealings with children. That on "The Menace of Fear" is excellent as far as it goes, but it hardly more than touches the surface of a matter that is of the greatest import in the moulding of character and the assurance of physical well being.

Mr. Bruce has notable facility in putting into layman's language the results of scientific research. Without sacri-

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ficing the virtue of accuracy, he makes his pages lucid, easily understandable and keenly interesting. The very simplicity of his style may deceive some readers as to the importance of the matter it clothes. As to that, the author is quite right when he says in his "Closing Words" that the mass of information he has brought together points uniformly to one conclusion, "the transcendent significance of the environmental influence of early life."

Florence Finch Kelly.

III

Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River Anthology"*

It is not strange that any one reading this much exploited book, with its ambitious "creation"—or rather, recreation—"of a whole community of personalities," should, like Mr. William Marion Reedy, in whose paper, *The Mirror*, the poems originally appeared, be reminded of Balzac. Even the alphabetical index of names, together with the way in which these names occasionally recur in the text of the poems themselves after their first formal introduction, so as to convey some suggestion of the tangled skein of life, serves to heighten this impression of an American *Comédie Humaine* in modern *vers libres*. But the concentrated, purely psychological method, plus the austere, unemphatic style, which makes of these brief life-summaries—some tragic, some tender, some simply grotesque or terrible—so many self-epitaphs, is much more that of the *Divine Comedy*. Indeed, we half suspect that not only the somewhat bizarre invention, but also the grave, succinct, intense, moral tone, was derived directly from a reading of Dante.

Just as the mediæval Italian poet on his memorable stroll through the infernal regions, in Virgil's company, encounters the shades of his former fellow-citizens of Florence, and listens to them as they tell the stories of their lives on earth, so Mr. Masters, eavesdropping, as it were, on the outskirts of a village cemetery, is able to report the veridic revelations of Spoon River's (Ill.) honoured—and dishonoured—dead. The result as, one by one, these glimmering ghosts emerge momentarily from their gloom, rehearse their ancient wrongs, or ironically read the lying descriptions on their tombstones, is the stripping stark naked of the collective moral, spiritual, and even physical life of an entire community.

The advantages of this method for a poet like Mr. Masters, whose outlook on life is essentially ironical, are sufficiently obvious. Sometimes the irony is directly expressed, as in the case of the first speaker, Hod Putt:

Here I lie close to the grave
Of Old Bill Piersol,
Who grew rich trading with the Indians, and who
Afterwards took the bankrupt law
And emerged from it richer than ever.
Myself grown tired of toil and poverty
And beholding how Old Bill and others grew in wealth,
Robbed a traveller one night near Proctor's Grove,
Killing him unwittingly while doing so,
For the which I was tried and hanged.
That was my way of going into bankruptcy.
Now we who took the bankrupt law in our respective ways
Sleep peacefully side by side.

At other times the irony, concealed from the speakers themselves, is merely suggested for the reader. Thus there is the story of Mrs. Charles Bliss, advised both by the judge and the preacher not to obtain a divorce from her husband, "for the sake of the children":

But two of the children thought he was right,
And two of the children thought I was right.
And the two who sided with him blamed me,
And the two who sided with me blamed him,

* Spoon River Anthology. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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And they grieved for the one they sided with.
And all were torn with the guilt of judging,
And tortured in soul because they could not admire
Equally him and me.

In short, four young souls were stunted and stultified in the sunless atmosphere of a home without love, divided against itself. Yet, two pages on, we find the Rev. Lemuel Wiley, whose conventional advice was partly responsible for the result, exclaiming with naive self-satisfaction:

I preached four thousand sermons,
I conducted forty revivals,
And baptized many converts.
Yet no deed of mine
Shines brighter in the memory of the world,
And none is treasured more by me:
Look how I saved the Blisses from divorce,
And kept the children free from that disgrace,
To grow up into moral men and women,
Happy themselves, a credit to the village.

Again, we have the contrasted cases of Albert Schirding and Jonas Keene, who committed suicide for reasons diametrically opposed, each wondering why in the world the other should have thought his lot was hard! Thus the latter killed himself because all his children were failures, envying the former who had "raised a brood of eagles"; while it was Schirding's personal sense of failure, when he measured his own modest achievements with those of his more gifted sons and daughters, that in his case produced the fatal despondency.

While Spoon River purports to be a semi-rural farming community in our own Middle West, its precise location is of particular significance only as this has permitted the poet to study at first hand the figures which he evokes so vividly by virtue of a penetrating, almost morbid, imaginative sympathy, combined with powers of expression which, if not specifically those of the poet, reveal such general poetic qualities as even the analytical novelist himself must share if he is to be a genuine creative artist. Doubtless elsewhere there are little towns like Spoon River which, plumbed, would reveal an equal range and richness of character. Indeed, the charge most often formulated against American life as material for art, is its uniformity, its mediocrity. Hence what is really significant is that writers like Mr. Masters should at length appear to unearth and avail themselves of this native wealth, not merely in its superficially picturesque traits—our sectional story-tellers have sufficiently covered these—but in its permanent human aspects. *W. A. Bradley.*

IV

Samuel Merwin's "The Honey Bee"*

The marked characteristics of plants and animals have always exerted a peculiar fascination over novelists who are searching for types. Few of those with striking attributes have escaped the analogies of our novelists. In the plant line we have had books with heroines like "wind-flowers" and "orchids"; and among the animals we find everything from "gadflies" to "salamanders." The latest who has ventured upon this zoological domain is the industrious Mr. Merwin, who has found in the "honey-bee" the theme for a novel. This particular animal is one of the most intelligent we have, and Mr. Merwin sees an analogy between it and the woman in business—"the unsexed female that does nothing but work," or, in Carpenter's phrase, "the feminine neuters of life." There is a period in the personal history of the worker-bee when she does not find enough work to do; then she becomes demoralised or "honey drunk," and she begins to rob anything so long as it is sweet. It is this period in the life of Hilda Wilson which Mr. Merwin has put before us. Since, however, he has in his title suggested that Hilda is a type it must be confessed that she is

*The Honey Bee. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

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hardly a fair representative. Somehow her story as well as her characterisation does not seem to be in any way universal. She is, though, a distinct individual, who, through her particular limitations, finds herself at thirty-two in need of the honey she has neglected to gather in the course of her flight. This is said in no way to mitigate the power and interest of this splendid story. It is merely to warn those who fear the sociological novel and to say that this is simply a story of a particular worker who faces her problems in her own way. Hilda is not entirely emancipated in any sense of the word; she has put herself on the same business level with man and made good; but she carries through all the pages the traditional fear of man's opinion of the unattached female, and because of this limitation, the novel, perhaps intentionally, is not a contribution to the growing body of feministic literature. It is, however, an absorbing romance—by far the best which Mr. Merwin has written.

We first find Hilda so unnerved by strenuous years of work that she must take a rest. Somehow she seems to feel it might not be proper for her to spend it in travel about the continent alone—this in spite of the fact that she has done the same thing in business. Through a series of highly credible and amusing experiences she finds herself living in a little hotel, tending the illegitimate child of a dancer and falling more and more under the influence of a prizefighter. Blink Moran naturally recalls Cashel Byron; but it must be said Mr. Merwin has drawn an extremely interesting character with strokes as firm as that gentleman's muscles. With considerable skill, too, the reader senses the growing sex appeal which his beautiful masculinity makes upon her starved nature. One is prepared for the absorbing interest with which she watches him in the fight he has with Carpentier. This fight will not suffer in comparison with several others which immediately come to mind. And its integral value is that it recalls to Hilda her place in the social scheme and thus saves her from what would have been a *mésalliance*. For back of all the present pressure there lies the living memory of her love for Doreyn, whom she met in the early days of her business association. He now comes back into her life, and she has courage enough to go and visit him in London, where, while observing the proprieties, they determine to marry when he can get his divorce. But he dies after a vigil of many months on her part, and Hilda returns to New York to resume once more her life as a worker.

Such in brief outline is the skeleton of this novel, which is clothed with such a variety of scenes and characters that it is a living breathing entity. Mr. Merwin has too large a background of personal observation to fail in any way to present life; indeed, this novel is rich in humanity. He excels in his capacity to make his people talk with natural emphasis and verisimilitude. And his art grows richer with each novel, for he understands the projection of vistas of life. Throughout, also, he touches some aspects of the problem which new conditions have caused in the relations of men and women. Hilda is alive at every moment, and, since she is first of all an individual, she cannot be false to type. It is this, though, which makes her at times irritating, for one feels the author has himself placed her in a dilemma of choices without once letting her see, what surely many business women are seeing and achieving, that a woman may have her work and her full life, also. They are not necessarily incompatible. "The only possible way a woman can save herself is by giving up her independence, and yet her independence is all she has." But the Hilda who says this is not independent—she is, as suggested before, merely emancipated on the work side and not on the personal. Though in her period of so-called honey-madness she steps boldly into situations which the world would call compromising, she always has one eye on that world. That is her bondage. She really doesn't rob any jam-pots, like the true honey-bee; she merely makes a romantic flight. And a

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mighty interesting romance Mr. Merwin has made of it.

Griffin Mace.

V

Katharine Fullerton Gerould's "The Great Tradition"*

It is seldom that the discerning reader takes up the second book from the pen of a new writer with the eager interest he will accord to this volume. Mrs. Gerould's first work, *Vain Oblations,* was so remarkable of itself, and particularly so as the work of a woman, that no one who read it could fail to feel a vivid curiosity as to whether she could keep up the pace she had set for herself, a curiosity as to whether that first book was all she had to tell, or merely the beginning of literary self-expression for an extraordinarily rich nature.

Of this last quality there is now no doubt, if we permit the second volume to confirm the promise of the first. The stories in *The Great Tradition* have a narrower background, narrower geographically and socially, but they are illumined by the same keen insight, the same rich powers of retentive observation, the same understanding of motivation and action that made the tales of *Vain Oblations* so remarkable. We find also the same peculiarity of literary style, seeming at times to be merely annoying mannerism, at other times revealing itself as the natural expression of a rich personality—and at the last, as before, proving to be (in almost every case) the most powerful vehicle to convey the intended impression. The difference between the two volumes lies mainly in choice of subject. If there seems a narrower, as one might say, tamer, choice of themes in this second book, it may be that the more restricted background, and the writer's growing maturity—implying greater power of self-restraint—have combined to give this effect. But the result will be that some who are enthusiastic over the first volume will feel a slight sense of disappointment at the second. Although the disappointment will be purely personal, for literary discernment will find here as well all the qualities which marked Mrs. Gerould as a literary talent of a high order. There is nothing immature in theme or workmanship about this book any more than there was about the first.

Comparisons are crutches for lagging criticism, but the difference between the two books can be best expressed if one were to say that while *Vain Oblations* is Kiplingised Joseph Conrad, *The Great Tradition* is Whartonised Henry James. Both of a high order, but only the purely critical mind is, in the matter of personal taste, catholic enough to enjoy James and Conrad at the same time, in equal measure. The first book deals with the psychology of the white race amid barbarism or semi-barbarism in the great open unknown spaces of the world, in super-heated tropical jungles, and lone outposts beyond Good and Evil as understood in places where people dress for dinner. The second book deals with this same New England conscience and its kin in the places where it is customary to make of dinner a ceremony rather than a mere feeding. And it deals with the theme in the same wonderful, penetrating manner, pitiless and yet pitying. Whichever problem most interests the reader, he will find each treated in a way that cannot fail to catch and hold his attention.

In some of the stories in this second book Mrs. Gerould's style is much more direct. In the "Great Tradition," the story which gives the volume its title, the narrative sweeps onward without digression, with the exposition handled in masterly simplicity, so that we learn all we need to know. There is not quite as much stopping of the music before the big moment, which was one of the faults of the first book. The big moments are led up to more easily, more naturally, as if it were all less difficult to understand. Here again the difference in theme and background may produce this effect. But such stories as

*The Great Tradition. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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"The Great Tradition," "Leda and the Swan," and "Wesendonck" have an admirable simplicity about them which in no wise lessens the power of the conflict or its treatment. We could almost wish that some of the big themes of *Vain Oblations* could have been handled as are these simpler, if humanly equally important problems.

Every story in this book is laid in America, in New York or the country thereabouts, although for some strange reason some of them sound so English that one has to remember forcibly that the people here described are our own countrymen and women. Possibly this comes from the fact that some of the men in the stories are men of leisure of the sort more frequently found in Europe than in America. Which might possibly mean also that the stories are human more than specifically American, are conflicts of humanity probable anywhere within the limits of what we used to call civilisation. Rodney Teele, in "The Dominant Strain," is an American product, and very American, too, is the merging of bloods by which this Americanism is lost in his unacknowledged grandson. Sadie Chadwick in "Wesendonck" is the most American of any figure in the book. Sadie's problems and her manner of meeting them touch on material from which that long-awaited "great American novel" could well be written. But otherwise that broad cosmopolitanism, the best term for which is just humanity, is as evident as the keynote of Mrs. Gerould's talent in this book as in the other. With a touch that is as sure as her pitying comprehension is keen, she lays her finger on the point where the fundamentally human quality in each soul comes into conflict with the traditions and habits into which it was born or amid which it lives. And in this way she gives her stories the essence of true tragedy, the inevitable conflict of the soul with its environment. The only reason why this book should seem in some ways smaller, lesser in strength than the first, is that the environment is what man has mistakenly built up for himself, that petty but maddening barbed-wire hedge of thousands of little conventionalities, rather than the tremendous forces expressed by the savage men and savage nature that make the background of *Vain Oblations*. Still, we most of us suffer our trials amid this smaller background. And, therefore, this second book may find, just because of its subject-matter, a wider circle of readers than those who enthusiastically hailed the first.

But however that may be, there is no doubt that Katharine Fullerton Gerould is a name which will soon rank high in the hall of fame of American literature—of any literature which demands power and sincerity, which demands themes that are largely human and the ability to present them strongly.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VI

St. John Ervine's "Alice and a Family"*

There is nothing pretentious about this short novel, and that is one of its charms. It is a quiet little story with a plot as clear as the characters are well defined. It is merely a slice of life and a very pleasant cut at that. It aims at no moral save the deduction which a reader may make from any accurate presentation of life. Alice is only sixteen, but she is a born manager. At times she is almost too good to be true, for she indulges in philosophical observations hardly in keeping with her years. Yet she is strangely alive and vivid. When Mrs. Nudds dies leaving a husband maimed by an accident, two giggling insufficient daughters and a son, it seems somehow quite natural that Alice, a friendly neighbour, should take charge and restore order in the chaos. Here generalship stops at nothing: Her very first step is to see that the funeral is in keeping with the family purse, saying, "It's a funeral, not a circus." She cuts out the plumes and forces Nudds to submit to criticism of his neighbours,

*Alice and a Family. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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who take this parsimony as a lack of respect to his wife's memory. But Alice has her way and there is no gainsaying her attack upon the family disorder. In the frail plot which follows she is instrumental in starting Nudds in business and finally marrying him to her widowed mother. Incidentally, she brings up the baby and postulates her own marriage with the son. Altogether quite a busy and delightfully domineering heroine.

Though the story is thin it is rich in human nature. In fact, Mr. Ervine reveals himself as a close observer of "the other half." In temporarily deserting the Irish characters with which he has been identified through *Mrs. Martin's Man* and his plays, which have been produced by the Abbey Theatre, he is none the less equally at home in the London slums. Usually when one deals with those who are poor a sense of misery pervades the story. But not so with this gentle author. To him poverty does not mean the suppression of all joy nor the distortion of human values. Possibly this is due to a certain selective sense with which he projects his material; but more probably it may be caused by a robust and healthy vision which makes him see that many are not so conscious of their own pitiful situation as outsiders would surmise. Certainly there is too much humour in these pages to dull the eye, as might easily have been the case with a different treatment of the same situations. What he is evidently interested in showing is that poverty has its poetry and that in even so simple a circle as a small family there is room for the exercise of a talent which in the larger world would be called genius. In Alice is personified the qualities which make for genius, though life brings her only a few souls to sway.

However, it is perhaps pretentious to burden this charming little story with too ponderous an intention. And yet it is sometimes these simple little stories of homely life and devotion which inspires rumination. Mr. Ervine reveals a happy talent for catching phases of human nature and his vivid phrase fastens them in our memory. There is at times a lack of firmness in treatment as though he had not completely mastered his medium; but the book, on the whole, is so spontaneous and fresh that it will no doubt be very popular. His dramatic training is discernible in his dialogue, of which the book is mainly composed. Terse and yet picturesque it savours of the stage though it loses nothing in truth. Few recent books would be so adapted to reading out loud, and it is recommended to convalescents, as well as those who are searching in our fiction for a story of lowly life not larded with sentimentality.

Geoffrey Monmouth.

VII

Frances Little's "The House of the Misty Star"*

The charm of sea and sky and flowers that is Japan lies over this book, which simply and intimately gives glimpses of intimate problems that must come when East meets West. The casual, easy-going manner of the telling of it brings home the poignancy of the story in many of its unexpected angles as well as greater art could do. Its sincerity excuses apparently useless digressions and dwelling in fascinating by-ways, which, however, at the last seem to make the picture more complete.

The narrator, Miss Jenkins, does not hesitate to confess herself fat and nearly sixty, and classes herself openly with those women into whose life romance has come only by looking on at the romance of others. Her own problem, teaching Occidental learning to eager Orientals in a small Japanese city where the chief authority of the town still clings passionately to ancient customs and ancient habits of thought, would seem to outsiders sufficiently strenuous and fraught with doubt and danger. But Miss Jenkins makes light of it and dwells engagingly on her awkwardness in dealing with the simple problems of life, particularly in understanding and

*The House of the Misty Star. By Frances Little. New York: The Century Company.

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guiding the youthful American mind, which come naturally in the course of things to most women at home.

For thirty years Miss Jenkins lived and taught in the adorable "House of the Misty Star," learning through patient sympathy how to understand the devious ways of the Oriental mind, and often finding herself up against comparisons with the civilisation of her own country that did not always fall out to the advantage of the latter. Suddenly she salvaged a self-appointed missionary, another middle-aged American spinster, Jane Gray, a character of such utter uniqueness that we are in no doubt from the beginning that the picture is a portrait. Pure fiction would not dare to create anything as amusing as Miss Gray with her quaint twists of speech and her utterly unpractical and yet most effective faith. From the entrance of Jane Gray into the House of the Misty Star things begin to happen. And the most startling happening is the coming of a young American girl, a slangy, untamed Seattle product, who would be no novelty and could claim little interest if she were not the child of a Japanese mother, who after the death of her American husband is forced by poverty and inability to cope with the world to return to the home of her father, a Japanese scholar of the old school. The situation is not improbable and is so utterly hopeless that it forms one of the most interesting racial problems shown us in fiction for some time. The happy culmination of Zura Wingate's love story sounds like a concession to the supposed needs of fiction. But the character of Zura herself and her situation in her grandfather's house hold the reader undoubtedly. And her frank Americanism with its utter lack of maidenly restraint brings an amusing shock to Miss Jenkins, who had been cherishing dim visions of the youth of her own country which have little foundation in fact. Her faith in freedom and its ideals is unshaken, but she comes to have a little more sympathy for old Kishimoto San, whose ancient fidelity to other beliefs is stirred into active hostility by his granddaughter's rebellion.

"Ah, Madam, America has led us far and high, but the East is for the East and the West for the West. So far, on the road of progress, they can march side by side. Further than that the paths divide and are separated by unsurmountable difficulties, because your country is ruled by teachings of freedom which you cannot practise. We are governed by the will of our divine Emperor and the spirit of our ancestors. If these are taken away, what can we put in their places save the liberty of the Occident which means license in the Orient."

Many other quotable paragraphs, full of simple comprehension of many men and many things, come to the mind often after reading this charming little book. With one more of them we will leave the prospective reader to find out the others for himself:

The man who made the Japanese language denoted "peace" by drawing a picture of a roof with a woman under it. Evidently being a gentleman of experience, he expressed the word "trouble" by adding another person of the same sex to the picture without changing the size of the roof.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

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WAR AND THE LITERARY MARKET

EDITOR'S NOTE

An important and vitally interesting branch of American industry—the production of books—has been severely tested during the months of the European war. The wide change of public interest following the sudden outbreak of the conflict has caused a hasty readjustment among publishers to meet the new demand for "war information" and "war stories" and a realignment of their lists in conformity to the public's new taste in literature. A number of prominent publishers and publishing houses have very kindly written or discussed with a BOOKMAN *representative their experiences and opinions on the situation and their ideas as to the future of the book market.*

I

Mr. George Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam's Sons, writes:

"It is not easy to present information that would be trustworthy or conclusions that should carry weight as to the effect of the European War on the 'literary market.' I may assume that this term, 'literary market,' means the market for books, but it should be remembered that not a few of the books which prove to be the most 'marketable' are not properly to be classed as literature, or at least, cannot be correctly described as literary. It is an old-time experience of publishing offices that any events that absorb the attention of the public, particularly, of course, those which call for consideration on the part of the intelligent and educated public, are likely to cause interference with the demand for general literature.

"*Inter arma silent* not only *leges,* but *litteræ.*

"The American public, with its widespread interest in newspaper reading and with the enormous mass of newspaper material provided to meet this interest, is probably more easily diverted than will be the reading public of England or of the states of the Continent, from the reading of books to the reading of newspaper leaders, or, with still greater economy of brain effort, of newspaper headlines. The publishers of standard books, that is to say, of books that go to the making of a library, must accept with all necessary patience the fact that, when the public is excited, either with Presidential campaigns, with disasters, physical, such as an earthquake, or business, such as a panic, or with war happenings in Europe, citizens cannot be depended upon to make additions to their personal libraries.

"The European War has not only had influence upon the imaginations and the sympathies of American citizens, but has materially affected (and with the exception of a few special lines of production), disadvantageously affected, great business interests. The business of Europe cannot be dislocated, and the transit of American goods to Europe cannot be blocked or seriously interrupted, without bringing great losses upon American merchants.

"The general result, therefore, of the war has been to lessen the sale of books belonging to the standard class and of the higher class of literature generally, whether new or old. In so far as publishers have been discouraged with the sale of books of this class already on their lists, they are not prepared to be hopeful in entering into present engagements for further books of the same general character. The authors presenting books which, however important intrinsically, are likely to prove of slow sale, have been told during the past six months that they had better hold their manuscripts until war times were over.

"As far as I am in a position to judge,

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there has been a diminution also in the sale of fiction generally, that is to say, of fiction which does not have directly to do with topics of the war. This might be offset to some extent by the increasing sale of books the stories in which had been based upon war themes and war characters. It is my impression, however, that while there have been brought into the market a number of such books, no one of these has come from the pen of a writer of first class or even good second class, and no one has yet secured any material success. There has been, of course, some activity in the sales of the volumes to be classed specifically as 'war books,'—those having to do with the cause of the war, the conduct of the war, the contentions to be submitted on behalf of one group or other of the contestants in the war. Some of these books have secured an immediate and extended sale, while others, presenting material of more permanent value, are in continuing demand as additions to the historic literature of the period. This division of publishing has, however, as is always the case with publishing undertakings on questions of the day, been much overdone and a number of the volumes of this class issued for the American market have failed to secure a remunerative sale.

"On the other side of the Atlantic, the literary public whose buying of general literature has been very seriously curtailed, has been ready to absorb an increasing quantity of war books, particularly of those published at popular or nominal prices, from one shilling down to two pence. The London publishing market has been better maintained than might naturally have been expected, but with the enormous sacrifice of the national resources and with the increasing burdens coming upon the taxpayer, the sale of books throughout the British Empire in the months to come can hardly be considerable.

"The present perplexity in the American publishing offices is as to engagements and investments for the coming autumn season. It is the hope, one may say the expectation, that the combatants cannot carry the European War into another winter campaign. There will have been too great an exhaustion of resources and men.

"If this calculation be well founded, we may hope for a conclusion of the war, and for the shaping of the settlement that is to follow the war, in the course of the autumn season. If the settlement be reached before November, there is no reason why we might not look forward to a fairly satisfactory book season for the later months of the year."

II

Mr. Sears, of D. Appleton and Company, considers the situation from three distinct angles. His first point of view deals with the authors themselves and the effect of the war upon their minds and upon their future output. The type of fiction that for the last few years has been coming prominently before the public is the intensive, introspective book describing the psychology of the comparatively quiet industrial and social life of the times. For good fiction is really a picture of the social conditions of the era described and just before the war the prominent aspects of living conditions were those that dealt largely with the strivings of a man to find himself in relation to his domestic and social environment. With the outbreak of the war, however, there promises to be a great revolution in living conditions, and consequently in the type of fiction mirroring these conditions. Mr. Sears feels that the coming literature will deal with the more fundamental emotions, with the dramatic episodes of life, with stories of the war. He believes that a new school of authors is very likely to arise depicting the new times, just as in the allied branches of productivity, such as music and painting, there will very likely be new men more fitted to deal with the changed world. Authors, especially Continental and English writters, cannot fail to feel the effects of the war in their work also. Men who have written travel books, travel romances,

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stories of Bohemian life in Europe, will find it impossible to turn out the same material as heretofore without showing strong evidence of the war, just as with the advent of the automobile it was impossible to think of modern life without assuming a background of this new and revolutionary method of transit.

As a result of the more dramatic, more elemental style of writing, Mr. Sears expects that over-attention to technique, inividualisms, and other highly developed refinements in style will tend to disappear in the new fiction. This in a general way describes his attitude toward the coming literature of entertainment, but as to the precise nature of the new fiction he would, of course, not hazard a guess.

Taking up his second point of view, that of the book business, he discussed the publisher's attitude toward the so-called war books. Since the outbreak of the war the publishing business has entered an entirely new field in the line of war books. These books have sold remarkably well during the past six months, but will not go as successfully during the coming six months for two reasons. In the first place, there are many more of them than in the first period, and so the demand will spread over a greater offering of titles; and for the second reason, the public's interest in war literature is greatly lessened. Men can become accustomed to anything, and to-day the loss of 15,000 English at Neuve Chapelle, announced in the morning paper, does not do more than stir a ripple in the business man's mind, whereas the loss of a small fraction of that number in the *Titanic* a few years ago caused a national sensation. The reading public has become accustomed to war, to killing and to the war-like news in general, and no longer feels the sensational stimulus produced by the war book at the early phase of hostilities.

His concluding argument is that the war has resulted in a distinct stimulus to more serious books, with a falling off in the sales of fiction. This is an experience that reveals an important trend in the public's literary taste. That non-fiction books show increasing sales indicates a healthy tendency on the part of readers to become acquainted with the political history, geography, social conditions, industry and governmental problems of our time. Regarding the sales of fiction—that is, the literature of diversion—certain houses that have had an especially good line of fiction, have felt little lessening in the demand, while others have felt it more strongly. All publishers agree, however, that the spring fiction has done much better in comparison with other spring seasons this year than last fall's fiction did in a comparison with other fall fiction.

An especially interesting department of the Appleton house is that dealing with the production of Spanish books for sale in South American countries. This department publishes a large amount of the South American literature by native authors and on a variety of topics, the bulk of the sales, however, being upon educational books. Practically all of the more popular novels are bound in paper and retail for an equivalent of from 25 to 50 cents in our money. This department is quite distinct from the American publishing business, and but for business considerations might be conducted in South America. It is an interesting commentary on American methods that a progressive house should actually do a large share of the publishing work for the great peoples to the south of us, diverting this important branch of manufacture to this country. This department is managed entirely by native South Americans and Spaniards. The business of the South American department has increased largely during the last year, due probably more to local conditions than to any effect of the war.

As a final statement, Mr. Sears wished to emphasise his belief that a well-done book in a large sense, a book that entertains, that is true and universal in its appeal, will meet with as ready a market to-day as it ever did in the past, notwithstanding the great effect of the war upon men's minds.

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III

"In the magazine business, if you can hit upon the public's mood of the moment, your success will be unquestionable." How thoroughly Mr. Doubleday, of Doubleday, Page and Company, believes this is witnessed by the following interesting incident. On August 1st of last year the September number of *World's Work* was in press, and 70,000 copies were printed at the time the first declaration of war was flashed to this country. The September number contained articles on the Colorado mining situation, on industrial relations, and other topics of timely interest prior to the war. With the outbreak of the European struggle, however, such articles became, in Mr. Doubleday's opinion, worthless. The public no longer wanted them. With a magazine such as the *World's Work* that endeavours to be of timely, up-to-date interest, a revolution was necessary to meet the new public demand. Therefore, an entirely new September number of *World's Work* was prepared within two or three days, and 70,000 copies of the old number already printed were thrown away as worthless. It took courage to do this, but it was a courage that was amply justified by the event. The War Manual of the *World's Work* appeared as the title of the September number; the first edition was 150,000 copies, three other editions amounted to 283,000 copies and the only reason that no further editions were printed was that the presses had to be cleared for the October magazine. In this instance certainly Doubleday, Page and Company caught the mood of the public and met with an excellent success. Mr. Doubleday, however, believes that interest in the war is now waning, and the *World's Work* is for that reason devoting less attention to war than last fall.

As a large magazine publisher Mr. Doubleday has been greatly interested in the effect of the war upon the whole magazine field. For the month of April, 1915, the total advertising of all the leading magazines in comparison with the same month last year showed a decrease of 31,000 lines, and one of the leading popular fiction magazines that charges over $700 a page for advertising shows a decrease in advertising over two years ago of fifty per cent. In Doubleday, Page and Company's *Country Life* and *Garden* magazines the loss in advertising has been due to the decrease in real estate transactions resulting from inability to obtain mortgages and the consequent decrease in building, and also to the loss of space advertising seeds, bulbs and plants that are obtained largely from Germany and Holland. This advertising then is a serious matter to all magazines and how long some of the leaders that showed the greatest loss will be able to continue their present policy is a question.

In the field of war books this firm was at first very successful with a few timely publications. Last fall for some time their presses ran twenty-four hours a day to meet the demand Now they are doing comparatively little in this field, and are planning to cut down to even less their activity in war literature. An interesting fact that may or may not be due to the war is the increase in the sale of Kipling's books for the last six months of fifteen per cent. over the corresponding six months a year ago. Whether this is due to a sudden interest in Kipling as an English writer or whether it is due to increasing efforts on the part of the firm to meet depressed business conditions was something that Mr. Doubleday could not determine. He feels, however, that fiction in general is at present fast regaining its own, and that the outlook for the coming year is exceptionally good. He does not believe that the type of fiction will be much changed by the war. When the war is over the public's interest in it will subside and it will again read the same style of story that it has always demanded, and publishers will find that as usual a really good book will sell and a bad one will not, no matter what the authorship.

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IV

Mr. Frank H. Dodd, of Dodd, Mead and Company, in discussing the books dealing directly with the war, divided them into three general classes:

(1) The political and philosophical books, dealing especially with the purposes and aims of the German nation in relation to the rest of the world, such as Bernhardi, Cramb, Usher and von Bülow books.

(2) The personal books, dealing with the German Emperor, Kitchener, etc.

(3) The technical books, describing the new methods of warfare, modern armaments, etc.

These books sold largely to the partial exclusion of other books at the beginning of the war. One of the largest distributing dealers in the country was quoted last autumn as saying that the sale of novels had fallen off forty per cent. since the outbreak of hostilities. There is no war fiction that stands out prominently. As a rule, current situations do not inspire good fiction. It is only after the lapse of many years that historical background and perspective are obtained for the writing of good stories.

Because of the general practice of economy among all classes, the demand for books, as well as for other things, is to a certain extent curtailed and the effect of this economy still exists. Books, however, contrary to the sometimes expressed opinion, are a necessity to habitual readers. People accustomed to books either hire or buy much as usual, notwithstanding the bad times, and for this reason the fluctuations in the book market are not as great as those in other and larger markets. The demand for books as a diversion is often larger when the strain of living conditions is greatest. This spring there would appear to be a greater number of outstanding novels than in the fall. The spring fiction does not appear to be material that has been held over from last fall, but its present appearance is the result of circumstances which would have been operative in any case. There appears to be comparatively little material coming from abroad, as the authors are presumably too thoroughly preoccupied with national problems and present activities in the war to produce the usual literary output.

Reverting to the sales of fiction, statistics show that for a number of years the demand for fiction in proportion to other books is lessening. There is a healthful tendency toward substantial books, such as those upon social and economic questions. This tendency is probably emphasised by the war, but it is one that will never overcome a certain preeminence of fiction, for fiction, outside of its simply divertive qualities, is too useful a vehicle for the expression of a great variety of ideas, including those of a serious and propagandist nature. Novels having the very largest sales appear now, as in the past, to be sensational in their nature, depicting rather crude emotions and appealing to the unsophisticated, and that idealise the life of the unreflecting masses.

V

Mr. F. A. Duneka of Harper and Brothers, replies to THE BOOKMAN:

"I wish I had the ability to answer your questions as to the effect of the war upon the literary temperament, but I find my mind a blank. This, however, seems to be a fact: Whenever the newspapers are largely given over to one subject, books upon that same subject fail to sell. Of course, at the very beginning the first works secure the substantial reward always accorded to priority, but public interest soon flags. Out of more than two hundred war books, issued since the beginning of the war, only six have won a way to the lists of best sellers—not an encouraging record, as the *Publisher's Weekly* points out. Years ago there came a flood of books upon the Philippines, immediately after America discovered the word, but the newspapers had exhausted interest and, I am told, only a few of these books paid expenses. Will this experience count for anything?

"So far as *Harper's Magazine* is con-

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cerned, we have adopted the policy of publishing nothing about the war. Thus far that plan seems to be appreciated."

VI

The firm of Charles Scribner's Sons contributes the following resumé of the course of public interest during the progress of the war:

"The intense concentration of attention upon the war has, of course, powerfully influenced the book market. The fact that a number of volumes bearing directly upon it, published by this house, have, all of them, had largely greater sales than would commonly fall to a timely book of the same general character in any other season, is significant of this; and so is the fact that fiction, holiday books and others not connected with that one great subject have sold in somewhat smaller quantities than usual,—a phenomenon ascribable in part to the general business depression, now lifting, but mainly to the diversion of interest from the usual channels. The effect upon such fiction as dealt with war, however, was far otherwise if our experience with Frederick Palmer's *The Last Shot* may be taken as typical. It was an exceptional case, of course—that a novel presenting a war of to-day between France and Germany, published three months before war began, should so realistically describe the actual circumstances of conflict that the western war itself seemed no-wise strange to the author when he saw it, is surely one of the most curious of all recent literary coincidences. The sales of that book were highly stimulated when war came. And, of course, the war classics like Tolstoi's *War and Peace* felt to some degree this stimulus.

"But the general effect of the war upon the book market is too obvious to be especially noteworthy now. The variations of this general current of war interest as shown in book purchasing, however, have real value, even outside the book world, from the viewpoint of social psychology. Almost at the outbreak a large demand was made for books dealing with the various nationalities, especially those stating and examining the causes of the war. To illustrate from our own experience, orders came from points all over the country, largely in excess of the normal, for such books as Price Collier's *Germany and the Germans* and *England and the English from an American Point of View,* Sir Henry Norman's *All the Russias,* William Morton Fullerton's *Problems of Power,* and the volumes of the *Countries and Peoples* series, especially those upon Belgium, Russia, Germany and Servia. This was natural and expected, but it is interesting that the demand was most intense for books about the Germans, next for those about the Russians, and least of all for those about the Austrians. The effect upon writers was equally strong and almost as immediate: large numbers of manuscripts flowed in in answer to the demand. Such books as *The Political Thought of Heinrich von Treitschke,* by H. W. Carless Davis; *The German Emperor as Shown in His Public Utterances,* by Professor Christian Gauss of Princeton, were soon on the market to be eagerly read.

"But after several months the demand for these books abated somewhat and a new demand sprang up. People had perhaps either formed their opinions on the rights of the question of the war's origin or despaired of doing so. They wanted now to read about the war itself. Among the first books to answer this demand were *Fighting in Flanders,* by E. Alexander Powell, and *With the Allies,* by Richard Harding Davis. This demand has not yet slackened, but the current of war interest soon took a new course. The first thought was, *How came this war?*; the second, *What is it actually like?* and the third, *How does it affect us?* The new phase of interest led to the writing and publication, in the case of this house, of *The Present Military Situation in the United States,* by General Francis Vinton Greene, and *Our Navy and the Next War,* by Robert

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W. Neeser; and before these were published there had appeared two books which, dealing with the causes and meaning of the war and our conduct and interest with respect of it bridged the gap between the second phase of interest and the third: *America and the World War,* by Theodore Roosevelt, and *Germany Embattled,* by Oswald Garrison Villard, were widely read and hotly discussed.

"Such were the more direct effects of the war as illustrated by our experience, but the unusual interest in books which might be taken to reveal indirectly the nature of a people must also have arisen from the same cause. *Plays,* by Leonid Andreyeff, published in February, seemed to arouse much more than the purely literary interest that it would usually have received, for instance; and it must have been this curiosity that revived the sales of Tchekoff's stories and plays. The more sophisticated public realised that the soul of a people is only revealed in its imaginative literature, and the Russian nature was the one most deeply hidden.

"It would be reckless now to speak of permanent effects. The fact that, war books aside, the public has leaned this year toward the more serious books in general, especially toward such as concern the larger working of social institutions, cannot be confidently set down to the account of the war. The fact that there had come into existence a strong sense of social responsibility which induced an interest in more thoughtful fiction, such as the novels of Mr. Galsworthy, and in such popular sociological books as the *Modern City and Its Problems,* by Frederic C. Howe, was fully recognised even three, perhaps five years ago by publishers. The only certainty is that a strong personal interest in the people of all Europe, indeed of Africa and Asia too, has been roused in hundreds of thousands of Americans formerly quite indifferent to the politics and social problems of that hemisphere; and this interest once implanted must inevitably grow. Its growth implies a broadening comprehension of the world's affairs, and a consequent desire to be informed of them, which will certainly result in an enlarged output of thoughtful books on foreign affairs; and will also—to a less degree, of course—enlarge the American market for translations of foreign writers of poetry, fiction, drama, etc."

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RICHARD WHITEING'S LITERARY REMINISCENCES

Very few men of letters of our day have had the opportunities for observation that have been given to Richard Whiteing, the author of "Number 5 John Street." Not only in England, but in various parts of the European Continent, Mr. Whiteing, for half a century, has been rubbing elbows with all that is best in the art and literature of the time. It is a long and eventful life, full of vivid impressions of the great, that he looks back upon, and of which he writes. From this work THE BOOKMAN *is printing a series of chapters, the first of which is to appear in our July issue.*

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JOHN DRINKWATER—AN APPRECIATION

BY MILTON BRONNER

If John Drinkwater is known at all in this country, it is because of his eloquent and keen studies of the poetry of William Morris and A. C. Swinburne.* His estimate of the verses of Morris is one of the best that has been written. His book on Swinburne is just, without being rhapsodical. Now, it so happens that while Drinkwater's avocation is the writing of books of criticism, his real vocation is the penning of the tiny books of poetry by which he is best known to his English contemporaries. They think of him primarily as a singer, as a melodist who occasionally essays poetic drama for the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

It is a safe conjecture in most instances that a poet, turned critic, will write of those poets with whom he feels most akin; will celebrate the work of those from whom he has learned the most. It is significant, therefore, that this young singer turns to two of the great Victorians, men unique in their way and who at one time bade fair to be followed by distinct schools of enthusiastic and callow imitators, not of their strength, but of their eccentricities. Drinkwater is enthusiastic, but not callow. He has frankly learned from both Morris and Swinburne, but he stands upon his own feet and sings his own songs. Here and there one may detect a ballad measure that is inspired by his great men; very often there is found the alliteration that Swinburne so loved and practised, but the themes and the modes of treatment are, in the main, Drinkwater's own:

If they should flourish for a little season
  And fall on death—I cannot tell. I know
That they are blameless of that deepest treason
  Whereby the crown of song is stricken low.

They are no hearsay echoes. Somewhat seeing—
  I sang my vision, knowing—what I knew;
Their spirit is my spirit, and their being
  Out of the fibre of my being grew.

He has neither the full-blooded and exuberant personality of Morris, nor the pagan joy of Swinburne. He seems always something of a Puritan, but a Puritan in love with life and especially with earth and the beauties of nature.

It is a significant thing that two poets, writing of his verse, took diametrically opposite views of his work. One found him essentially a poet of here and now, a singer of contemporary things. The other found in him little or no indication of the time in which he lived. Drinkwater claims that both are right. In a dedication to his wife, he says he sings of the immemorial things—earth, love, pity for and pride in men, womankind. And then he adds:

. . . of my age what word?
Are not of these the ultimate longings heard
  Upon the lips of every storied age?
What little vision may be mine of these
Is clear or clouded as my day decrees,
  The time's my tutor, and my song the wage.

The truth is that Drinkwater is only partially in tune with his age. He is, of course, affected by the thoughts and feelings that are current now. But he

* Poetry and drama:
Poems of Men and Hours—1911.
Poems of Love and Earth—1912.
Cromwell and Other Poems—1913.
Cophetua—a play in verse—1914.
Rebellion—a play in three acts—1914.
All the above published by David Nutt, London.
Prose:
William Morris; a critical study—1912. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.
Swinburne; an estimate—1913. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

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is not a modern poet in the sense that Kipling and Masefield and Wilfrid Gibson are. His muse retires from the busy world of men to commune with the earth and the stars. She builds for herself a house in an oasis away from this era of industrialism. There are no "isms" and "ologies" in her song. There is no rebellion and no ferment of unrest. The hum of the spindle and the loom, the tapping of the miner's pick, the strident music of a materialistic world are not for her.

The result is that where so many poets are hectic, Drinkwater is essentially tranquil, with the tranquillity of great starlit summer nights. Nature keeps him for her own. It is rarely that he sings of the city and of city ways. But he can recite all the moods of the seasons:

I caught the changes of the year
In soft and fragile nets of song,
For you to whom my days belong.

And this promise to her whom he loves he keeps. There is, for instance, this gracious picture of a summer dusk with its hint of mystery:

'Twas dusk, and time in adoration bent
Kissed the ripe summer, and the lilac scent
Bestowed upon the breathless eventide
A fragrance that stole out and sanctified
The brown and purple shadowy close of day.
Like little ghosts that moved from spray to spray
The hedgerow creatures gathered them to rest,
And immemorial quiet the world possessed.

Contrast the above with this winter etching:

Austere and clad in sombre robes of grey,
With hands upfolded and with silent wing,
In unimpassioned mystery the day
Passes; a lonely thrush its requiem sings.

The dust of night is tangled in the boughs
Of leafless lime and lilac, and the pine
Grows blacker, and the star upon the brows
Of sleep is set in heaven for a sign.
Earth's little weary peoples fall on peace
And dream of breaking buds and blossoming,
Of primrose airs, of days of large increase,
And all the coloured retinue of spring.

In both there is the same tone,—not only nature-worship, but also the feeling of love and compassion for the lowly creatures of earth.

But it must not be inferred that human beings are alien to him. To the contrary, he is found brooding over the tragedy of broken or breaking hearts and using human sorrows as materials for some of his most effective verses. There is, for instance, a dramatic lyric that reveals him as a tale-teller of no mean ability:

I heard my love go laughing
Beyond the bolted door,
I saw my love go riding
Across the windy moor,
And I would give my love no word,
Because of evil tales I heard.

Let fancy men go laughing,
Let light men ride away,
Bruised corn is not for my mill,
"What's paid I will not pay—
And so I thought because of this
Gossip that poisoned clasp and kiss.

Four hundred men went riding,
And he the best of all,
A jolly man for labour,
A sinewy man and tall;
I watched him go beyond the hill,
And shaped my anger with my will.

At night my love came riding
Across the dusky moor,
And other two rode with him,
Who knocked my bolted door,
And called me out and bade me see
How quiet a man a man could be.

And now the tales that stung me
And gave my pride its rule,
Are worth a beggar's broken shoe
Or the sermon of a fool,
And all I know and all I can
Is, false or true, he was my man.

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More subtle than this one, however, more revelatory of the poet of our own time is "Wed." This poem contains the stuff of a whole psychological novel. It achieves its undoubted effects by indirection, by a series of asides. And at the same time it sings itself to a true ballad measure:

I married him on Christmas morn,—
  Ah, woe betide; ah, woe betide,
  Folk said I was a comely bride,—
Ah, me forlorn.

All braided was my golden hair,
  And heavy then, and shining then,
  My limbs were sweet to madden men,—
O cunning snare.

My beauty was a thing, they say,
  Of large renown,—O dread renown,—
  Its rumour travelled through the town,
Alas, the day.

His kisses burn my mouth and brows,—
  O burning kiss, O barren kiss,—
  My body for his worship is,
And so he vows.

But daily many men draw near,
  With courtly speech and subtle speech;
  I gather from the lips of each
A deadly fear.

As he grows sullen I grow cold,
  And whose the blame? Not mine the blame;
  Their passions round me as a flame
All fiercely fold.

And, oh, to think that he might be
  So proudly set, above them set,
  If he might but awaken yet
The soul of me.

Will no man seek, and seeking find,
  The soul of me, the soul of me?
  Nay, even as they are, so is he,
And all are blind.

On Christmas morning we were wed,
  Ah me, the morn, the luckless morn;
  Now poppies burn along the corn,
Would I were dead.

II

We have said that Drinkwater, despite his nature-worship, is essentially a Puritan, not in the old narrow sense of the word, but in the broader, better view of it. He does not long for the riches of the world. He is content with simple fare and plain living and high thinking and deep feeling. He does not bemoan his lot in life. He does not long for the flesh-pots of the cities. Human moths may be lured by the glaring lights of the town, but he is not one of them. He rejoices in his joys, but he does not repine over his sorrows. Rather, he looks upon his griefs as medicines for his soul, as things that lend tone to his spirit. He is a man of peace, but not a peace-at-any-price man. He is not afraid of battle. He does battle in his own heart every day until God giveth him the peace that passeth understanding. He visits famous old fields where war has taken its grim toll, and rejoices that nature has covered up the scars and made God's earth fair again. And all these Puritan moods he expresses in some of his most effective lyrics. There is the simple homely truth expressed here:

We come from the laurels and daffodils
  Down to the homestead under the fell,
We've gathered our hunger upon the hills,
  And that is well.

Howbeit to-morrow gives or takes,
  And leads to barren or flowering ways,
We've a linen cloth and wheaten cakes,
  For which be praise.

Here in the valley at lambing-time
  The shepherd folk of their watching tell,
While the shadows up to the beacon climb,
  And that is well.

Let be what may when we make an end
  Of the laughter and labour of all our days,
We've men to friend and women to friend,
  For whom be praise.

Of sterner stuff, however, is the little poem called "Possessions." In its unflinching attitude it reminds one of Hen-

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ley's pagan chant, "Out of the night that covers me." Only this poem is not pagan. It is of the very essence of the Christianity that really follows the precepts of the Man of Sorrows:

"Bring all the sorrows that you bear,
And I will give them harbourage,
And I will tame them unaware
Of all their dark uncomely rage."
* * * * *
"I will not let my sorrow go
While I am subject to the sun,
There might be nothing then to know
If all my sorrowing were done.

"I do not hoard my sorrows up
As usurers of infirmity,
But all the sorrows in my cup
Are touchstones of my ecstasy."

Singularly enough, it is when he is most Puritan that he comes nearest being a poet of his own day. If there is one thing that belongs to our era, it is the new spirit with which men of light and leading look upon war. The abhorrence of it, the public denunciation of it, the exposé of the thin and frothy lip-patriotism and unworthy dollar-pursuit is a development of our own hour.

The Puritan poet voices this at the same time that he shows himself wrestling with his own soul in his verses about "The Soldier":

The large report of fame I lack,
And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battlefield has known no dawn
Beclouded by a thousand spears;
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
To buy his glory with my tears.

It never seemed a noble thing
Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I have felt the quickening breath
As peril heavy peril kissed—
My weapon was a little faith,
And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief hour of cannonade,
But many days of bitter strife,
Till God of His great pity laid
Across my brow the leaves of life.

And finally, and to conclude this section of the subject, there must be appended one of the finest of all his poems, a piece so noble, so dignified, so essentially of the stuff of which real poetry consists that it must serve very largely to place its author definitely. It is "At Waterloo":

Great peace is over Houguemont,
And over La Haie Sainte is peace,
The level lands are ploughed and rich
With promise of increase;
The sleepy cattle graze along
Beneath the scarred historic walls,
And here where nations spent their blood
The flush of sunset falls.

No pride nor pity touches me,
Nor Hatred's fire and ancient stings,
Only a sense of strifes outworn,
And strange ironic things:
And stirrings of some broken strain
Of sounding hoofs and answering guns,
And faith that Europe now as then
Can breed heroic sons.

No word of moral yes or no
Be spoken as we see again
The tragic shaping of the world,
The carnival of pain;
A blossomed calm is on the ways
Where desolation set her throne,
And life has gathered in from death
A glory not her own.

III

In writing of Swinburne, Drinkwater says he often sings of freedom and the hero. Remembering the Puritan tone we have noted in Drinkwater, remembering his sturdy English spirit, it is not hard to guess what battle for freedom and what hero he will laud in song. And that brings us to his narrative sequence—"Cromwell."

In the great chapter of England's his-

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tory which deals with the downfall of Charles and all that he stood for and which tells of the unfurling of the banner of civil and religious liberty by the Puritans, there is ample material for the maker of epics. It is an epic theme if ever there was one—the light king and his cavalier court; the stern solemn Puritan leader and the grave men who flocked around him; the pitched battles between the becurled gentlemen and the sturdy farmer folk; the wonderful sessions of Parliament, the pronouncement of doom upon a king, and the final end. All these thing tempt to the highest endeavours of the earnest poet.

Drinkwater once said of another that the latter lacked in the sense of narrative continuity. The superficial critic is apt to say that Drinkwater's own "Cromwell" lacks precisely in such continuity. But a careful reading of the work will convince one that it gains rather than loses by the poet's scheme of things. The great story connected with the famous captain is told by means of a series of episodes. There is pictured Cromwell's vision of the call of God to him and of his coming in response. There are narrative pieces, mainly in strong flexible blank verse, about Edgehill, Marston Moor, Naseby, the entry into London and the judgment upon the king. Interspersed are a series of lyric interludes in which the poet—like chorus in the old Greek drama and very much in the chanting manner of some of Swinburne's greatest verses—interprets the meaning of the great leaven of heroic souls in England, the deeds of the captains, the need of war, and the downfall of tyranny. The main story is then followed by lyrics commemorative of three notable events that occurred on September 3d—the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and the Passing of Cromwell in Whitehall.

History is closely followed. There is no cheap twisting of the facts to suit a preconceived end. Although, of course, the Puritan view is strictly adhered to, it is done with a keen sense of the responsibilities involved:—

To shape in song a perishable theme,
Though cunning be the craft and richly wrought
The utterance in swift and chiming speech,
May not avail against assaulting time;
High words, and curious still, the golden stars
Set by the singer round about the song,
Shall crumble with the house wherein they serve;
Clothing mortality, they, too, shall pass
And go the way of unremembered things,
Sending no marvellous beauty through the world.
Then be my song of memorable days——

Throughout Cromwell is beheld as a man consecrated to the cause of God, and Charles as one dancing blindly down to his doom. The poet, standing in the background, assumes the Olympian attitude and sees in the conflict the foreordained struggle that is to make England a free nation. Singularly enough he succeeds better in etching portraits of the king than he does in giving a presentation of the inner spirit of Cromwell. The latter is beheld as soldier and hero, as fighter and undaunted leader, but rarely as the thinking, feeling man. The nearest approach to this is where Drinkwater says he sings

. . . of the will of God
Creating in the heart of one a fire
Unquenchable beneath the dust of time;
Of one who watched the shadows folding in
All beautiful goings in the lives of men,
And heard the arrogant mastery on the lips
Of spoilers of the spirit's husbandry,
Yet gave no witness of his vigil, kept
His simple way among a simple folk,
Where Ely's tower tops the level lands,
Until the middle watches of his day,
Then answered God, stept out with soul aflame,
Sword-girt and consecrate, to hurl abroad
The thunders of a people newly clad
In armour forged in humble, holy fires,
Their brows bared to the dawn, exultant, free.

Contrast this passage with the vivid lines:

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And master of all, anointed of the Lord,
Divinely chosen, setting on his will
The sign of proud and unassailable right,
Abiding nought of question among men,
Rode Charles the king, dreamer of twisted dreams,
Hearing all counsels, speaking all men fair,
Prey to all bidders for a kingly pledge,
Yet governed ever by one sovran rule—
The tattered sway of his own motley heart.

Now despite Drinkwater's method of approach to his subject—perhaps because of it—we get from this little work a splendid picture of the times and of all the stirring events that marked it. Indeed, it would be almost possible for one who was in utter ignorance of English history to get a good knowledge of what occurred by simply reading this series of narratives and interludes, all strung together like beads on a chain. The varying styles of verse are well adapted to the purposes of the poet. Here for instance is told one of the most tragic events of the entire Cromwellian story. It is set forth in impressive and weighty blank verse. Dramatic in its essence, the event demanded for its telling the verse consecrated to the drama by the greatest of English poets. It would be hard to imagine this being narrated in a lyric:—

Three days the torches flared along the Hall,
And the wind moaned and drove great clouds of snow
Against the fretted windows, and the stones
Rang as tuned iron beneath the tread of men
Passing along the streets with wondering eyes
Fixed on the storied walls wherein was held
This council dread. Three grey and terrible days
Words moulded words and purpose purpose shaped,
And then the bidding—"You have heard what thing
Is charged against this man. All words are said,
The cause is tried. To judgment you are called."
Hushed were the judges then; the men-at-arms
Stood motionless as graven soldiery
In some old woven fable, and no sound
Was heard save winter's trouble in the air.
Then one spake slowly,—"Do you here pronounce
Charles King of England traitor to the land,
Forsworn, a sinner guilty unto death?"
They rose. A moment passed. And then the word
Fell naked on eternity—"We do."

In Whitehall Cromwell waits, and with him there

Ireton and Fairfax, watching to the end
Of this so tragic shaping of their hands;
A sound of muffled feet and swinging gates,
A figure curled and pale between his guards,
A falling cloak, a murmur of ghostly words,
A hush, and one swift flashing of an axe.

Contrast with this another of the notable successes of the book, the story of the gathering of the Ironsides. It might be told in blank verse, but it would lose in the telling. It requires the lyric lilt, the ballad measure, the rapid gallop as displayed in these opening lines:—

From the north to the south he travelled, and out to the east and west,
And cried as a fiery prophet in lands where the heathen rest,—
"The God of battles call you, and the service of God is best."

Through the shades of the Essex woodlands, along by the Suffolk sea,
And over the fens of Lincoln and little towns that be
As grey gems set in Huntingdown, crying aloud went he.

Across the moors of Norfolk, by windy common and spire,
As a summons out of the heavens from sleeping shire to shire,
This man went seeking, seeking, the men of his desire.

"Cromwell" marks a great advance in the art of its author. It displays at once a growth in ambition and an increase in poetic ability to serve that ambition. Unlike the books of some of his contemporaries, there are here no idle attempts to imitate the boulevard poets of Paris, no

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facile celebrations of threadbare subjects, no intricate experiments with new verse forms. On the contrary, there is a harking back to the days and the mood when bards were not afraid to choose as their themes the highest and most weighty subjects in the world and were content to give anxious days and laborious nights to the fulfillment of the self-appointed task.

IV

It seems almost a contradiction in terms to speak of a Puritan writing for the theatre, but the drama of Drinkwater in so far as it has appeared is, in some of its aspects at least, essentially the drama of a Puritan, liberalised perhaps, but still instinct with some of the things for which the Puritans stood. It was they who made the astonishing discovery, which they duly proclaimed to the world by deeds, that a king, anointed though he might be, and claiming to hold his high estate by divine will, was no better than ordinary mortals when he sinned, and was subject to the same punishments. It was the Puritans who in the beginning declared for a real liberty of action, of conscience and of thought. It was they who decried a freedom which consisted merely of the right to traffic in little things, the while it remained in a rut in the big ones.

No matter how narrow and intolerant Puritanism became later, the above constituted part of the spirit that informed it at the start and this was part of the impulse that it set moving in the world. Many of these things are found in Drinkwater's dramatic productions, *Cophetua,* a brief one-act play, and *Rebellion,* a full-fledged three-act piece for the theatre.

Cophetua, of course, deals with the ancient legend of the young king and the beggar maid whom he made his bride. It is told throughout in lyrical verse and is hardly more than an episode, with very little dramatic action to it, the most significant passage being this one which proclaims the doctrine of equality we have just mentioned:—

It seemed a very little thing
That you should come and lead me down
Here to your throne. You are a king,
There is a splendour on your crown,
Yet you were born of changing dust,
Even as I, and when you spoke
That word to me, the great God thrust
His arm out and the barrier broke,
And I was maid and you were man,
Built of one flesh; it was as though
No word had been since time began
Of kings and beggars.

We hear the same thing in "*Rebellion*" where one says to the king:

Sire, we are men—both you and I are men
Fed with one fire.

In his discriminating chapter upon "The Defence of Guenevere," in his book on William Morris, Drinkwater points out that when Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne and their fellows undertook to write poetic drama for the stage, the drama had become so debased that it was devoted entirely to scenes of action and displayed practically no development of character. The persons of the play were hurried through a series of scenes which furnished much bustle and theatrical motion, but gave very little insight into the souls and minds of the protagonists.

When the great poets attempted to reform this, they swung to the other extreme. They neglected action in the drama and devoted all their attention to a painting of character. The result was some fine and noble passages of dramatic verse, but no example of a complete and noteworthy play, capable of real presentation on the stage. In *Rebellion* Drinkwater has carefully noted his own precepts and in a measure, at least, has so mingled action and character-drawing that he has produced a poetic play that it seems would really be interesting in actual presentation.

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The fly and a few of his many friends state their side of the case in a fanciful one-act play.

The Winnowing Fan. By Laurence Binyon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.

In The New Poetry Series. Poems about the European War.

Fiction

Abbé Mouret's Transgression. By Emile Zola. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York: The Marion Company. $1.25 net.

A translation of Zola's romance in the Rougon-Macquart Series.

Alice and a Family. By St. John G. Irvine. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

A study of the capabilities of the heroine in a sordid environment. The scene is laid in England.

America Fallen: The Sequel to the European War. By J. Bernard Walker. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 75 cents net.

An imaginary picture of a German descent upon the American seacoast, which is conquered and held for ransom.

The Beloved. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Old Greenwich Village in New York City and the "movies" form the background of Mr. Oppenheim's new love story.

The Boss of the Lazy Y. By Charles Alden Seltzer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.30 net.

A cowboy romance.

Bram of the Five Corners. By Arnold Mulder. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.25 net.

The eternal triangle, this time among the Michigan Dutch.

"Breath of the Jungle." By James Francis Dwyer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.25 net.

Short stories of life in the Orient.

The Business Adventures of Billy Thomas. By Elmer E. Ferris. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A salesman's adventures "on the road."

A Child at the Window. By William Hewlett. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.25 net.

The development of a gifted childhood, with later the background of a cheap London theatre.

The City of Pleasure. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.

An early work now first issued in this country. The interest is in the ingenuity of the plot.

A Cloistered Romance. By Florence Olmstead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

A little world sequestered from modern life and its problems is the background of this story.

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The Cocoon. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A phantasy of Southern life.

The Competitive Nephew. By Montague Glass. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.
Jewish characterisation. Abe and Mawruss do not appear, as the characters are all new.

The Conscience of Sarah Platt. By Alice Gerstenberg. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.25 net.
A woman's movement novel dealing with "the expression of one's own individuality" and "the human being first and women afterward" ideas.

The Curse of Castle Eagle. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.25 net.
A story of Ireland and the real Irish. All about the doom that lies on a fine old family and its castle.

Daybreak. By Elizabeth Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.
A romance of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. The narrative involves the two great episodes of the fall of Granada and the discovery of America.

The Dramshop. By Emile Zola. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York: The Marion Company. $1.25 net.
A translation of *L'Assommoir*.

The Double Squeeze. By Henry Beach Needham. With an Introduction by Connie Mack. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of professional baseball said to contain characters from real life.

The Double Traitor. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The ramifications of the German spy system done into a mystery story.

The Girl at Central. By Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
A detective story solved by a clue obtained by a day operator.

A Girl of the Blue Ridge. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.35 net.
The ignorant, lawless people of the North Carolina mountains form a background for the heroine's love story.

"The Greenwoods." By Lucile Grinnan Lyon. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $1.25 net.
A love story with a study of an unusual child.

The Hand of Peril. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.
A detective story of a woman counterfeiter and a secret service man.

Her Majesty the King. By James Jeffrey Roche. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Illustrated.
A romance of the harem in humourous vein.

His English Wife. By Rudolph Stratz. Translated by A. C. Curtis. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.35 net.
English life and character seen through German eyes. Said to be a popular book in Germany, in which German ideals are upheld in contrast to England's decadence.

Allan and the Holy Flower. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.35 net.
The further adventures of Allan Quartermain in the African jungle.

The Honey Bee. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The heroine belongs to the ranks of America's business women. Her experiences in seeking the enrichment of existence for which she longs form the theme of this novel of contemporary American life.

The House of the Dead. By Fyodor Dostoevsky, from the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
Experiences in a Siberian prison form the basis of this novel of the realistic school.

The House of the Misty Star. By Francis Little. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.
The Japan of *The Lady of the Decoration* again forms the background of this story of love and mystery.

The Jester. By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
A mediæval story of romance and magic.

The Keeper of the Door. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.40 net.
The question of euthanasia in hopeless suffering with its reaction upon those left is done into story form.

The Life-Builders. By Elizabeth Dejeans. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.35 net.
The theme is said to be a discussion of which is the more conservative in marriage, the man or the woman.

The Little Man and Other Satires. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.30 net.
A collection of sketches, including several

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brief plays, expressing the author's personal views and observations.

The Log of a Timber Cruiser. By William Pinkney Lawson. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The background of this novel is the life of the pioneer forester.

The Man Who Forgot. By James Hay, Jr. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25 net.
A novel of prohibition in the United States.

Marriage by Conquest. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.25 net.
An historical novel of the days of the duello, stage-coaches and country squires.

Merry-Andrew. By Keble Howard. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.
The hero is a young man fresh from college, who has started out to conquer London.

Pauline. By Arthur Willis Spooner. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. $1.35 net.
A love story of the Civil War.

Pillars of Smoke. Anon. New York, Sturgis and Walton Company. $1.25 net.
Published originally in 1906 under the title of *A Woman's Heart*. A "new woman" love story.

The Princess and the Clan. By Margaret R. Piper. Boston: The Page Company. $1.50 net.
A story of young people's life at home and at college.

The Princess Cecilia. By Elmer Davis. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
A romance of the Far East, contrasting the Oriental with Western civilisation.

The Proving of Virginia. By Daisy Rhodes Campbell. Boston: The Page Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of college life.

The Riddle of the Sands. By Erskine Childers. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.35 net.
Describes a "dress rehearsal" as it were of the German invasion of England. Written before the outbreak of the war.

The Seas of God. Anon. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $1.35 net.
The problems of a Southern girl of refinement left alone to earn her living.

A Silent Witness. By R. Austin Freeman. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.
A detective story, the hero being a medico-legal expert. The scene is in England and the time is the present.

Spray on the Windows. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
Idealism in married life realised.

Steve of the Bar-G Ranch. By Marion Reid-Girardot. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A story of adventure on the plains of Colorado.

Still Jim. By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A story of the West. The hero is an engineer and trail maker.

The Tunnel. By Bernard Kellerman. New York: The Macaulay Company. $1.25 net.
A novel of the future describing a tunnel connecting America and Europe.

The War Terror. By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $1.00 net.
A mystery, scientific, detective story. Craig Kennedy, hero.

The Winning of Lucia. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A quaint Glasgow tale in the style of *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*.

Juvenile

Around the World with Jack and Janet. By Norma R. Waterbury. West Medford, Mass.: The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Illustrated. 25 cents.
Travel from a descriptive and educational point of view.

The Boys' Outdoor Vacation Book. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A handbook of outdoor sports and activities.

Captain John Smith. By Rossiter Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Robert Fulton. By Alice Crary Sutcliffe. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Robert E. Lee. By Bradley Gilman. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
Three volumes in the series True Stories of Great Americans. An attempt to describe interestingly the adventureful lives of prominent figures in American history. The volumes are written with the child's point of view in mind.

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Catcher Craig. By Christy Mathewson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A baseball story of high school and summer camp life.

In Defence of Paris. By Captain Allan Grant. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 60 cents net.

A boys' book telling of the first campaign of the European War in which Paris was threatened.

Doodles. By Emma C. Dowd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Cheerfulness is the theme of this story of a "Sunshine Boy."

The Emerald Story Book. By Ada M. Skinner and Eleanor L. Skinner. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Nature stories and legends in prose and in verse for little children. The stories are selected from many well-known writers for children.

Jimmy Kirkland of the Cascade College Team. By Hugh S. Fullerton. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

The fourth volume in this series centring about baseball.

Little Bird Blue. By William L. and Irene Finley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A nature story for children.

Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling. By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D. Philadelphia: The Vir Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

Telling in story form the facts of anatomy, physiology and hygiene.

Miss Pat and Her Sisters. By Pemberton Ginther. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 35 cents.

The fourth volume in the Miss Pat Series. Stories of modern girl life.

Plays for School Children. Edited by Anna M. Lütkenhaus, with Introduction by Margaret Knox. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.

Plays suitable for production in schools. Many well-known stories are dramatised, such as *Barnaby Lee, Through the Looking Glass, The Lady of the Lake,* etc.

Profitable Vocations for Boys. By E. W. Weaver. New York: The A. S. Barnes Company. $1.00 net.

A discussion of the various trades open to boys and the opportunities in them.

The Whole Year Round. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Discussions for children of nature and of out-of-door life, arranged appropriately for the seasons. A plea for the life of the great out-of-doors.

History

The Aftermath of the Civil War, in Arkansas. By Powell Clayton. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $2.00 net.

The author was a member of the State Central Committee of Arkansas from 1867 to 1913, and Governor of Arkansas from 1868 to 1871. His book is a discussion of social and political life in Arkansas from the Civil War to the present.

German Culture: Past and Present. By E. Belfort Bax. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.25 net.

The growth and development of "kultur" traced historically.

Military Annals of Greece. By William L. Snyder. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Two volumes. $3.00 net.

From the earliest times to the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, with emphasis upon the heroic figures of the times.

Stone's River. The Turning Point of the Civil War. By Wilson J. Vance. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

The significance of this battle in the Civil War.

Travel and Description

The Belgians at Home. By Clive Holland. New York: The Macmillan Company. 40 cents.

A pocket edition, abridged and without illustrations, of a volume originally published in 1911.

The California Padres and Their Missions. By J. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

The history of different Franciscan Missions with essays or stories showing some features of mission life, its traditions and history.

Finland. A Little Land That Is True to Itself. By Helen Gray. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Illustrated.

A study of Finland in Russia in comparison with the South of the United States.

The Rocky Mountain Wonderland. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

Illustrated with photographs of the region. This book describes the scenery and characteristics and some of the animals of the Far West.

The Tourist's Martitime Provinces. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Labrador, etc., are thoroughly covered for the tourist.

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The Spell of Flanders. By Edward Neville Vose. Boston: The Page Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A continuation of the Spell Series, describing Flanders before the war.

Yellowstone National Park. By Hiram Martin Chittenden. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

Historical and descriptive.

Biography

John Shaw Billings: A Memoir. By Fielding H. Garrison, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A former director of the New York Public Library and a well-known medical historian.

Forty Years in Canada. By Colonel S. B. Steele. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

The author recalls his service in the Northwest Mounted Police and in Strathcona's Horse in the Boer War.

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

The late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson is the subject of this biography and appreciation by his brother.

My Life. By Hiram S. Maxim. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. Illustrated. $4.50 net.

The life of one of the greatest inventors and travelers.

Strathcona and the Making of Canada. By W. T. R. Preston. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $2.50 net.

The builder of the Canadian Pacific and the pioneer days of Canada's development are described.

Rabindranath Tagore: A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00 net.

A biography of the Hindu poet; mainly critical of his work.

Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry. By Basanta Koomar Roy. With an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

An appreciation and biography by a friend and felow-countryman.

Military and Naval

Arms and the Race. By R. M. Johnston. New York: The Century Company. $1.00 net.

The question of armament and its philosophy for this country.

European War

Defenseless America. By Hudson Maxim. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $2.00 net.

America's peril following the conclusion of the present war. With discussions of modern war methods and machinery, and of the morality of war.

Four Weeks in the Trenches. By Fritz Kreisler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The personal experiences of the author.

The Game of Empires. By E. S. Van Zile. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. $1.25 net.

The present war viewed from an historical perspective, and with a note of warning to America.

The Holy War. "Made in Germany." By Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje. With a Word of Introduction by Richard J. H. Gottheil. New York: J. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.

A discussion of the "Holy War" declared by Sheikh-ul-Islam.

King Albert's Book. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A tribute to the Belgium King and people from representative men and women throughout the world. The publisher's profits from the sale of this book will go to the Belgian Fund.

Paris Waits: 1914. By M. E. Clarke. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Impressions of the state of feeling in Paris during the first weeks of the German invasion of France.

The Road Toward Peace. By Charles W. Eliot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

A discussion of the present status of international relations, with a consideration of the outlook and means of accomplishment for permanent peace.

A Text Book of the War for Americans. By J. William White. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.00 net.

The author's belief as to the consensus of American opinion. An extensive discussion into many problems of the war.

The Third Great War. 1914-15. Considered in Relation to Modern History. By Laurie Magnus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

A comparison of the Allied campaign with former Allied campaigns against the Bourbon and the Buonaparte.

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War and World Government. By Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00 net.
The author's editorials upon the war arranged in chronological order.

The War from This Side. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
Editorials from *The North American*, Philadelphia, from July, 1914, to March, 1915.

Why Europe Is at War. The Question Considered from the Points of View of France, England, Germany, Japan and the United States. By Frederic R. Coudert, Frederick W. Whitridge, Edmund von Mach, Toyokichi Iyenaga, and Francis V. Greene. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.
Representative writers of the warring nations defend their nations' causes.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Black's Man Burden. By William H. Holtzclaw, with an Introduction by Booker T. Washington. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
A record of the author's experiences in founding and building up the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute for Coloured Young Men and Young Women at Utica, Mississippi.

The Book of the Serpent. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. $1.00 net.
Allegorical satires of humour and philosophy.

An English Woman in a Turkish Harem. By Grace Ellison. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.50 net.
The author made a prolonged stay in a Turkish house, where she became for the time being a Turkish woman.

Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium. By Charles Morris. J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Romantic history of the lowland countries from the earliest times to the European War

My School Days. By Wade H. Harris. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Boyhood reminiscences of the reconstruction days in the South.

Shattuck's Parliamentary Answers, Alphabetically Arranged for All Questions Likely to Arise in Women's Organisations. By Harriette R. Shattuck. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. 60 cents net.
A handbook for those presiding at meetings. Arranged in the question and answer style.

Who Built the Panama Canal. By W. Leon Pepperman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A discussion of the engineering feats and the personalities behind them.

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When you read Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" were you ever curious as to the exact house or houses the author had in mind as a definite background? Are you interested in knowing the original business offices of the firm of Potash and Perlmutter of Montague Glass's stories, or the whereabouts of Wasserbauer's Café, over the tables of which were fought so many battles of salesmanship? Would you care to read something of the actual scenes of the New York novels of Robert W. Chambers, of Rex Beach's "The Auction Block," of F. Hopkinson Smith's "Oliver Horn," of Rupert Hughes's "What Will People Say," of Owen Johnson's "The Salamander"? Sixteen years ago, when the material was far from being so rich as it is to-day, THE BOOKMAN *published an exceedingly successful series of papers dealing with New York In Fiction. This is the new pilgrimage, made by the same man who wrote the earlier papers, and the first paper of the series will appear in the July* BOOKMAN.

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THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York (Uptown).	The Turmoil	The Harbour
New York(Downtown)	The Turmoil	Red Fleece
Albany, N. Y.....	Ruggles of Red Gap	Pollyanna Grows Up
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Baltimore, Md.....	The Harbour	The Turmoil
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Turmoil	Who Goes There!
Boston, Mass.....	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Boston, Mass.....	Who Goes There!	Angela's Business
Chicago, Ill.....	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Turmoil	The Seven Darlings
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
Dallas, Tex.....	Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
Denver, Colo.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Des Moines, Iowa....	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business
Detroit, Mich.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Turmoil	The Harbour
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Turmoil	The Rose Garden Husband
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Valley of Fear	The Turmoil
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Victory	Angela's Business
Louisville, Ky.....	Who Goes There!	The Turmoil
Memphis, Tenn.	The Turmoil	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
New Haven, Conn....	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business
New Orleans, La.....	Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Norfolk, Va.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Contrary Mary	Angela's Business
Portland, Me.....	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
Providence, R. I.....	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
Richmond, Va.....	Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
San Francisco, Cal....	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Valley of Fear
San Francisco, Cal....	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Valley of Fear
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Harbour	The Turmoil
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap
Seattle, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	Ruggles of Red Gap
Spokane, Wash.....	The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap
Toledo, Ohio.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Toronto, Can.....	The Valley of Fear	The Man of Iron
Waco, Tex.....	The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap
Washington, D. C.....	Angela's Business	The Turmoil
Washington, D. C... .	Martha of the Mennonite Country	The Turmoil
Worcester, Mass.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Sanine	Victory	Valley of Fear	The Second Blooming
Who Goes There!	Angela's Business	Allan and the Holy Flower	The Primal Law
The Man Who Forgot	The Ragged Messenger	Still Jim	The Turmoil
Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	The Man of Iron
The Valley of Fear	Bealby	Victory	Contrary Mary
The Valley of Fear	The Harbour	The Sword of Youth	Lieutenant What's His Name
Hepsey Burke	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Heart of Uncle Terry	Who Goes There
Victory	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Valley of Fear	Loneliness?
Angela's Business	The Return of Tarzan	Ruggles of Red Gap	Contrary Mary
Ruggles of Red Gap	The Keeper of the Door	Who Goes There!	The Chalk Line
Angela's Business	The Harbour	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Valley of Fear
Victory	The Valley of Fear	The Clarion	Angela's Business
The Lone Star Ranger	Angela's Business	The Man of Iron	The Harbour
Martha of the Mennonite Country	The Seven Darlings	Victory	The Turmoil
The Turmoil	Angela's Business	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	God's Country and the Woman
Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap	Angela's Business	Victory
Pollyanna Grows Up	Who Goes There!	Angela's Business	Still Jim
Angela's Business	The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	Brunel's Tower
The Turmoil	The Harbour	Red Blood and Blue	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Sword of Youth	Martha of the Mennonite Country.	The Valley of Fear	Eagle of the Empire
God's Country and the Woman	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	The Valley of Fear
Bealby	Angela's Business	Hepsey Burke	The Eyes of the World
The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap	Victory
The Keeper of the Door	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Turmoil	Still Jim
Angela's Business	The Second Blooming	Awakening	God's Country and the Woman
Who Goes There!	Still Jim	A Girl of the Blue Ridge	The Keeper of the Door
Contrary Mary	The Rim of the Desert	The Keeper of the Door	The Harbour
Martha of the Mennonite Country	The Valley of Fear	Little Sir Galhahad	The Keeper of the Door
Contrary Mary	Amarilly of the Clothes Line Alley	Angela's Business	The Harbour
Contrary Mary	Martha of the Mennonite Country	Angela's Business	Brunel's Tower
The Turmoil	The Seven Darlings	Still Jim	A Girl of the Blue Ridge
Contrary Mary	Angela's Business	Rose Garden Hsuband	The Harbour
God's Country and the Woman	Angela's Business	The Seven Darlings	The Eyes of the World
Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	The Pastor's Wife	The Turmoil
The Turmoil	Happy Pollyooly	Contrary Mary	Amarilly of Clothes Line Ally
Who Goes There!	The Seven Darlings	Angela's Business	The Valley of Fear
Martha of the Mennonite Country	The Twenty-fourth of June	Pollyanna Grows Up	Who Goes There!
Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary	Victory
The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Harbour	The Wooden Horse
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Clarion
The Seven Darlings	God's Country and the Woman	Angela's Business	Rose Garden Husband
Pollyanna Grows Up	Innocent	Who Goes There!	Turbulent Duchess
God's Country and the Woman	Innocent	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Victory
The Harbour	The Valley of Fear	The Keeper of the Door	Through Stained Glass
Contrary Mary	Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Harbour
Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	The Keeper of the Door	Little Sir Galahad	The Harbour

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending April 7th:

1. With the Allies. Davis.
2. Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
3. Memories of the Kaiser's Court. Topham.
4. Change. Francis.
5. Defendant. Chesterton.
6. Plays. Wilde.

For the week ending April 14th:

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. Recollections of Full Years. Taft.
3. Alsace and Lorraine. Putnam.
4. Abroad at Home. Street.
5. Aircraft. Corbin.

For the week ending April 21st:

1. With the Allies. Davis.
2. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
3. Preventable Diseases. Hutchinson.
4. Modern Dramatists. Duke.
5. Plaster Saints. Zangwill.
6. Yourself and the Neighbours. MacManus.

For the week ending April 28th:

1. The Promised Land.
2. Within Prison Walls. Osborne.
3. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
4. Wilhelm II. of Germany. Shaw.
5. The Audacious War. Barron.
6. Memories of the Kaiser's Court.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLER'S LISTS

Pan-Americanism. Usher.
War Brides. Craig-Wentworth.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
King Albert's Book.
The Secret of an Empress. Landi.
The Bird Book. Reed.
Abroad at Home. Street.
Fighting in Flanders. Powell.
The Promised Land. Antin.
The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden.
Four Weeks in the Trenches. Kreisler.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 462 and 463) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	The Turmoil. Tarkington. (Harper) $1.35	360
2.	Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page) $1.25	253
3.	Angela's Business. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin) $1.35	222
4.	The Valley of Fear. Doyle (Doran) $1.25 The Harbour. Poole. Macmillan) $1.40	103
5.	Ruggles of Red Gap. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page) $.125	102

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